★ Aug. 25, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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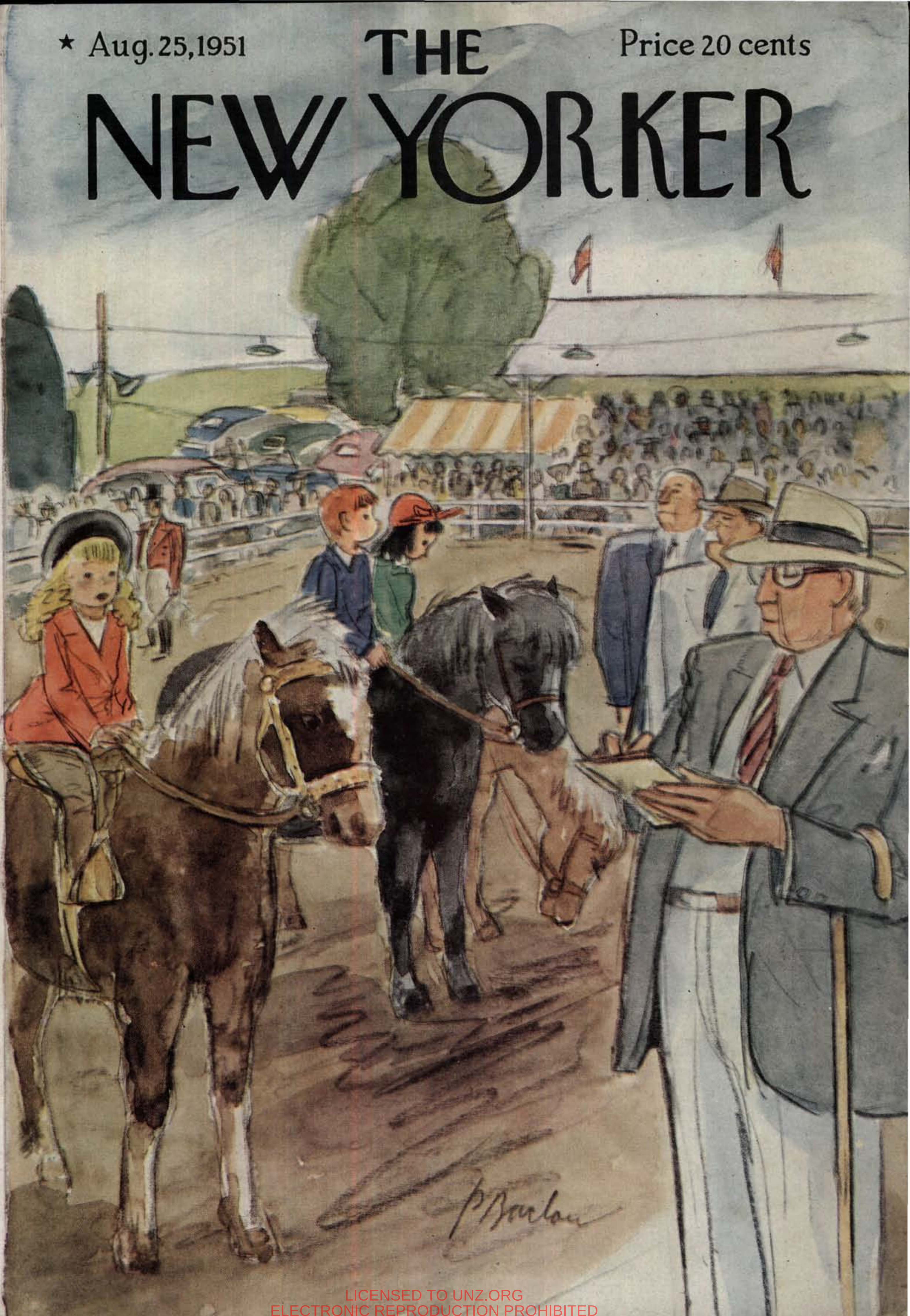

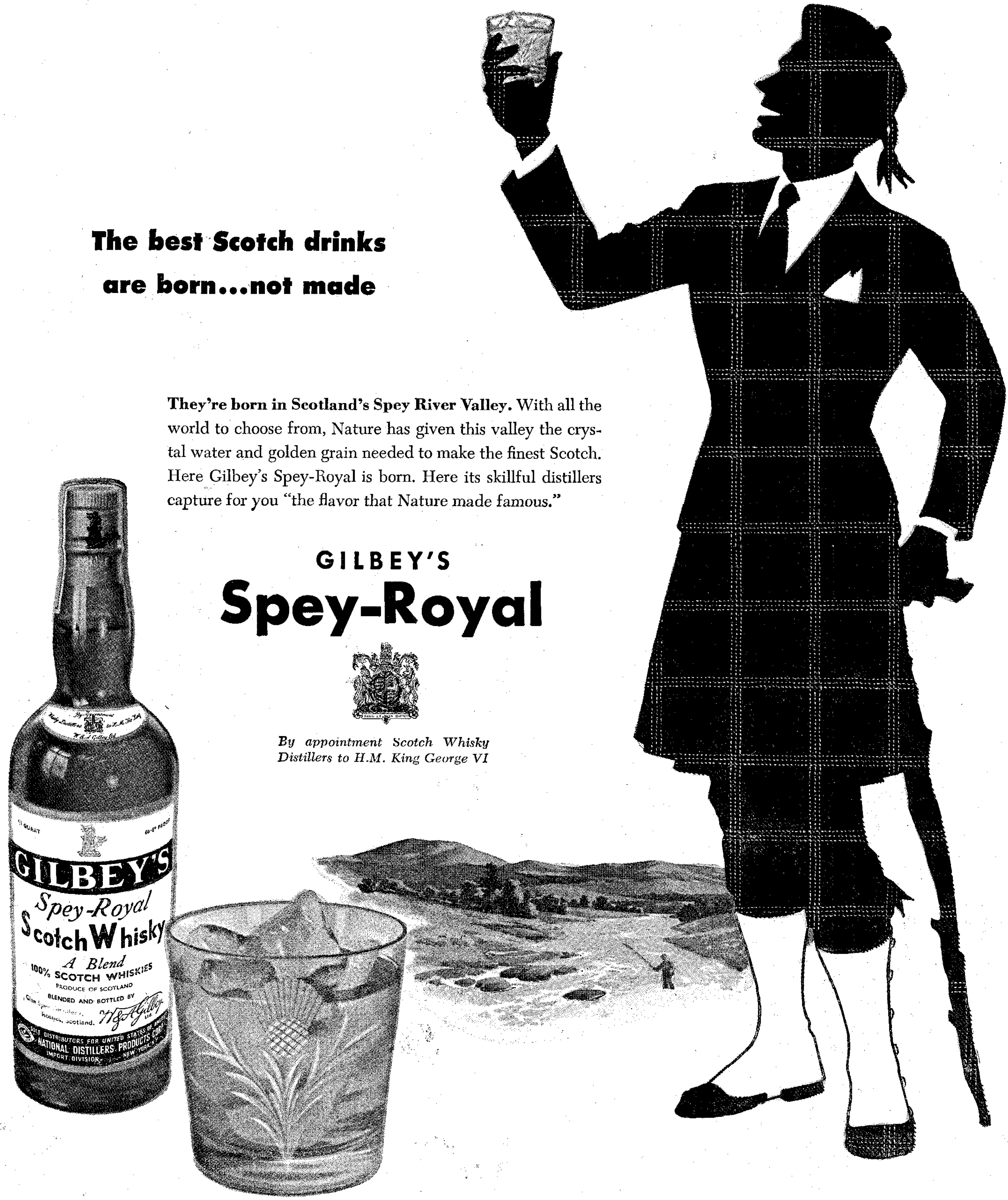
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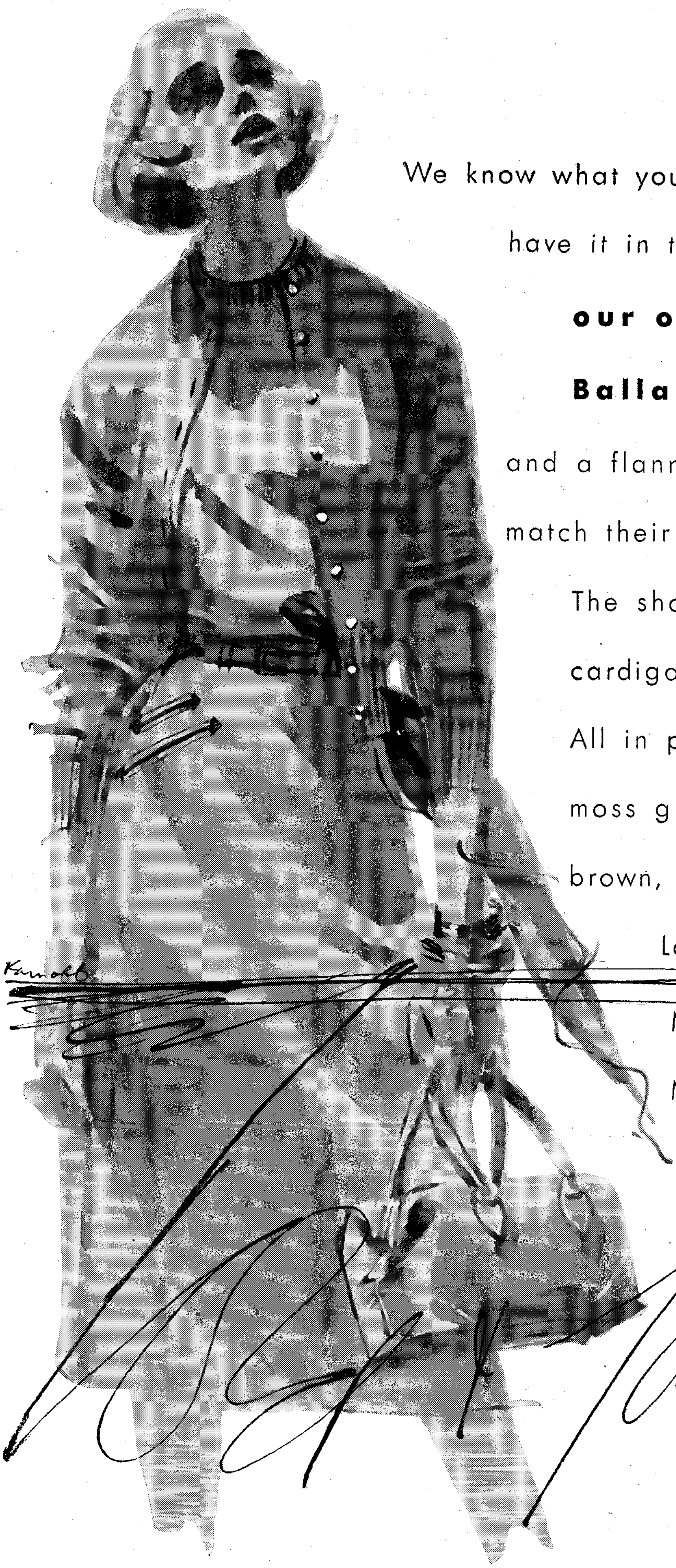

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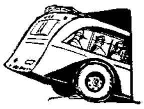
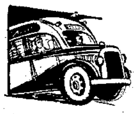


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Moon Is Blue—A smooth and surefire comedy, by F. Hugh Herbert, about a boy who gets a girl in three acts. With Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams' lively drama about a perfervid Sicilian woman who keeps her late husband's ashes enshrined in her living room and lets a rather inadequate slip serve as her widow's weeds. Maureen Stapleton is splendid as the lady, and Eli Wallach is quite diverting as a truck driver who helps convince her that any kind of live man is better than a dead one. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Stalag 17—A comedy melodrama that will be fairly rough going for anyone unaccustomed to functional jokes. It concerns life in a German prison camp, where scatological humor is all the rage. Directed by José Ferrer, the play includes in its cast John Ericson, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—**AFFAIRS OF STATE:** Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The King and I—A bright and handsome view of Siam, in the best recent Rodgers and Hammerstein tradition. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast, and gets notable support from Yul Brynner and others. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Seventeen—A musical version of the Booth Tarkington novel that is not without its lightweight, summery moments. Sally Benson is responsible for the book, and Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton are some of the Hoosiers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—From the novel of the same title, Betty Smith, the original author, and George Abbott have fashioned an adaptation that has both humor and pathos. It also has nice songs by Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields and a magnificently funny performance by Shirley Booth. Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey are among those supporting Miss Booth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Shirl Conway, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 15.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Martha Stewart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Roger Rico is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, Aug. 23: "Two on an Island." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: "Mr. Thing," a new play by Mary Chase. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 27-28: "The Pursuit of Happiness." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 29-30: "The Merchant of Venice." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Broadway." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2:30.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Ruth Chatterton in "O Mistress Mine." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: "The Happy Time." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Come Back, Little Sheba." Monday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Respectful Prostitute" and "Fumed Oak." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8:40.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "The Browning Version" and "The Country Slicker." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Here Today." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Constance Bennett in "Skylark." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:30.)

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Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Song of Norway." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "The Desert Song." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Fourposter," a new play by Jan de Hartog. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, Aug. 26: "The Whole Town's Talking." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

Danbury—Through Saturday, Aug. 25 (final performances of the season): "Blossom Time." (Danbury Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly at 8:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Imogene Coca in "Happy Birthday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Estelle Winwood in "A Door to the Room," a new play. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:30.)

Duxbury—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "The Bat." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Lady Windermere's Fan." (Duxbury Theatre, Duxbury, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Alice in Wonderland," a new musical. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Edna Best in "The Foreign Language," a new play by S. N. Behrman. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Sunday, Aug. 26 (final performances of the season): Olivia de Havilland in "Candida." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: William Bendix in "Detective Story." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: "Lady in the Dark." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Rose Marie." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Brigadoon." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Eve Arden in "Here Today." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: To be announced. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 26: "Naughty Marietta." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 28: "Finian's Rainbow." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Angel Street." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Death of a Salesman." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new play. Monday through Sat-

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 28, August 25, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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urday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Millburn—"Sally." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Claire Luce in "A Streetcar Named Desire." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Nancy Walker and Paul Hartman in "Anything Goes." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: "Come Back, Little Sheba." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Friday, Aug. 24, at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25, and Tuesday, Aug. 28: "In the Summerhouse," a new play. Wednesday, Aug. 29: "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Thursday, Aug. 30: "No Exit." Friday, Aug. 31: "The Imaginary Invalid." Saturday, Sept. 1: "Yes Is for a Very Young Man." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: John Loder in "Second Threshold." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: "When Ladies Meet." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Dane Clark in "Heaven Can Wait." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Lawrence Tibbett in "Rain." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Miriam Hopkins in "Told to the Children," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: To be announced. (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Basil Rathbone in "The Gioconda Smile." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, Aug. 26: Kay Francis in "Mirror, Mirror," a new play by George Oppenheimer. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: Veronica Lake in "The Curtain Rises." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 26: "The Happy Time." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Suspect." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 25, and Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Look Ma, I'm Dancing." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Constance Bennett in "Skylark." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "The Chief Thing." Monday, Aug. 27, through Monday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "You Never Can Tell." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new play. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Joan Blondell in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Burl Ives in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Present Laughter." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Fourposter," a new play by Jan de Hartog. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Aug. 29, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Dracula." Monday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Tobacco Road." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "My Sister Eileen." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 1: "Born Yesterday." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays at 2:30.)

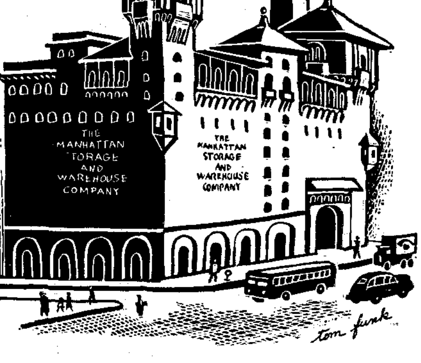
Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Leo G. Carroll in "Home at Seven," a new play by R. C. Sherriff. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Mady Christians in "I Remember Mama." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westhampton Beach—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "Angel Street." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: "Brigadoon." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: Edna Best in "The Foreign Language," a new play by S. N. Behrman. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Margaret Phillips in "A Case of Scotch," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 26: "The Respectful Prostitute" and "Goodbye, Miss Lizzie Borden." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Inspector Calls." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Worcester—Through Saturday, Aug. 25: "The Chocolate Soldier." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)


THE MANHATTAN STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE COMPANY
THE MANHATTAN STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE COMPANY
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Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: Melissa Hayden and Herbert Bliss, José Limón and his company, and Ruth St. Denis. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Lilian Moore, José Limón and his company, and La Meri. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Dancing, except on Sundays, in the elegant sunken Garden to the soothing murmurs of Jules Lande's orchestra at dinner and supper.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Sammy Kaye's band provides dance music after eight-thirty in this enormous eyrie. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—A covey of violinists appears "under the clock" at cocktail time and on the Cascades Roof (which is closed Sundays) at dinnertime. No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Like many of the old frequenters of the Ritz's Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's musicians are now billeted in the restaurant here, where they make nostalgic dinner music, except on Sundays. No dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The private yacht basin isn't finished yet, but there's every other comfort for the customers. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's an ice show twice an evening. Dance music by Bernie Cummins' band. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Every night, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more serene, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Mark Monte and his Continentals are the major source of dance music in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, pink and beautiful as ever, is just a great big heaven on earth (or near it), where you can waltz or samba to your heart's content, or just watch the bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw surf-riding on their moving platforms. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The quickest way of getting out of town. Weatherman permitting, there's dancing under the trees as well as simple communing with nature.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Strumming Gershwin tunes on a harp seems an odd idea until you hear what Robert Maxwell does with it. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing after nine, and Mr. Maxwell appears a bit later.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, there are Miguelito Valdes' and Mischa Borr's bands for dancing, as well as the prancings of the three Hamiltons, a new

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dance team. Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a cozy little hideaway the size of Rhode Island, is open for cocktails and listening music by Chico-Relli's trio from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the outfield, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): This airy pleasure dome is dedicated principally to the inner man, but it also affords, after nine, Alex Fogarty's pianoforte excursions into the summer-weight classics. Closes Saturday, Aug. 25, for a ten-day siesta. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio rattles about the place. . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A well-stocked hunting ground for those who love old familiar faces. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar of this Byzantine boudoir has Harry Meyerowitz doing cocktail, dinner, and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez treats his dinner and supper guests to an absorbing session of guitar strumming and a fair supply of byplay. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey addresses himself to the local Steinway at dinner and supper, except Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Sheila Barrett shows up after the theatre to pour a little molten lead on Southern belles, stage mothers, and other menaces. Laurie Brewis rambles along at the piano from nine until dawn. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

RIVIERA, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Victor Borge, a funny man either playing piano or merely thinking out loud about whether he's going to play it or not. Also, an excellent view of the George Washington Bridge and any number of our best-known horseplayers. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Juanita Hall has a lot besides Bali Ha'i on her mind now, but the emotional content is just as primitive and just as stirring. François and Giselle Szony provide some picturesque and agile adagio work. The rest of the show is the same old recipe for soup.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, Eadie and Rack's brilliant meditations at their twin pianos, starting around ten. Closed Sunday, and will shut down Thursday, Aug. 30, for the Labor Day weekend. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, a young lady with an arresting voice, and Orson Bean, a young commentator with a quiet but invigorating feeling for the ridiculous. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Sunday, and after Monday, Aug. 27, will be closed through Labor Day. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Herb Corey is the incumbent humorist. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer is in her nest right over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Norene Tate sings lovelorn ballads, Alice Ghostley and G. Wood sing nonsense ballads, and Gene Fields' trio plays sweet and lowdown. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26, until after Labor Day.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot applications every hour by Wild Bill Davison, assisted by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo-piano work, a fine demonstration of fifty-finger exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often sheer bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Utter bliss is the mood induced by Bobby Hackett's peppery sextet (Vic Dickenson and Gene Sedric are also involved) and the quiet intricacies of Red Norvo's trio (Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass). Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Yank Lawsen and Andy Russo are the main events in the circus here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, aided by Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood, is in residence. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): George Shearing and a small following of devotees turning out odd and almost completely abstract jazz. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rent parties are still going on. On Aug. 24 the main contestants in the high-pressure division will be George Wettling, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Ray McKinley, Peewee Russell, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, and Red Allen, and who could ask for anything more? . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, this week (Aug. 24) offering such nourishing vitamins as the bands of Bobby Sherwood and Conrad Janis, as well as Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, and Big Chief Russell Moore. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CITY ISLAND, N.Y.**: Ryan's (CIty Island 8-9807); dancing on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Thwaite's (CIty Island 8-1023); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays. . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ¶ Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 6-7613). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn

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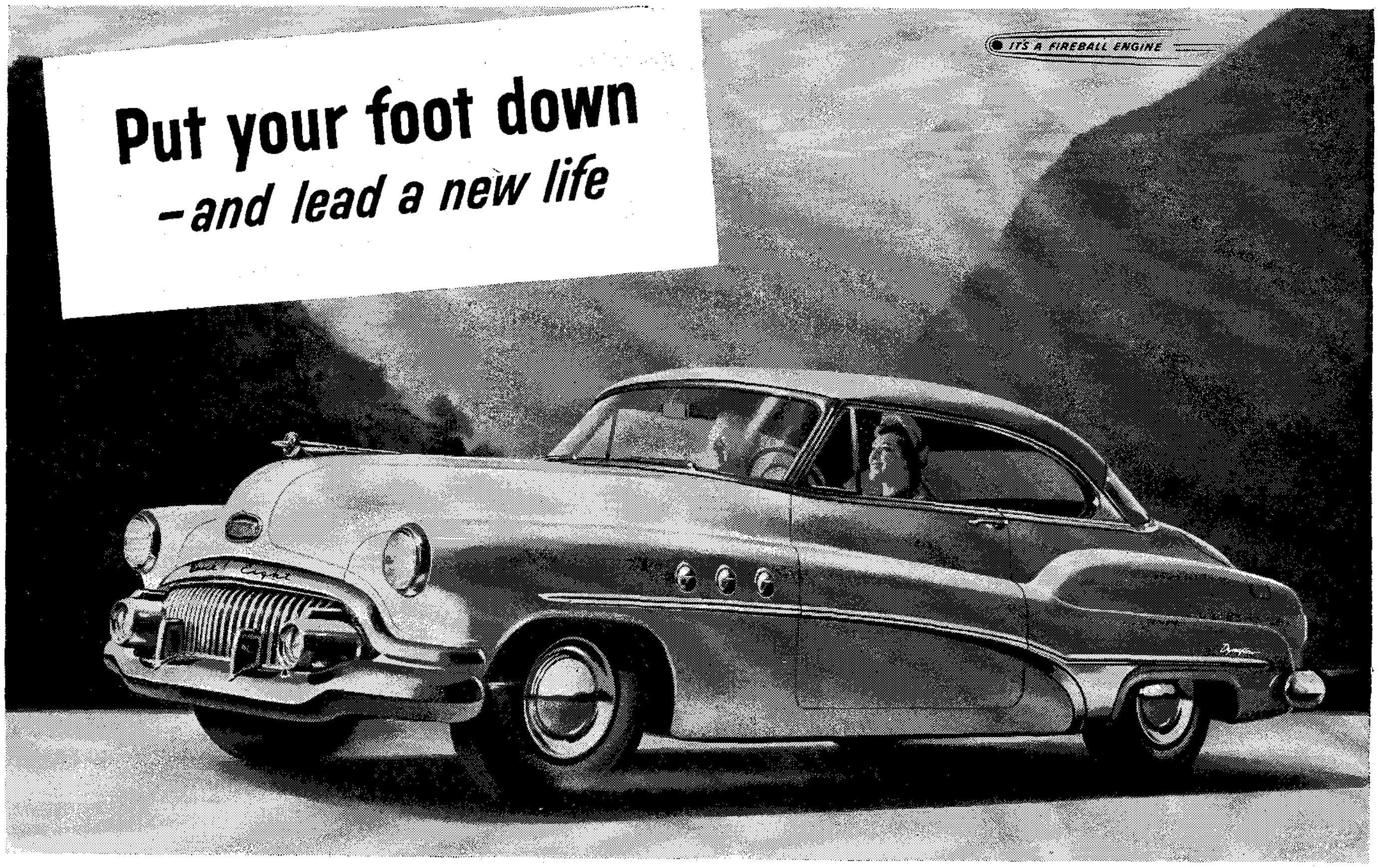
-and lead a new life



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. ... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-9883).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DAUMIER AND DELACROIX—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 28.)

SIAMESE SCULPTURES—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 27. Open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Moses Soyer, and others; through Aug. 31.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Canvases by such Americans as Hassam, Inness, and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson, Will Barnet, and Henry Botkin, of the twentieth; through Aug. 31.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: "The Evening Meal," a showing of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Harold Baumbach, Theo Hios, Ellis Wilson, and Joseph Konzal. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31. ... **LEVITT,** 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: A selection of paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, Leo Manso, and other gallery artists; through Sept. 7.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Morris Davidson, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, J. M. Hanson, and others; through Sept. 7. ... **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints of Parisian scenes and personalities by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Villon, and other French artists; through Sept. 16.... ¶ Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nineteenth-century artists; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventy of Winslow Homer's water colors, drawings, and prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The major summer show is an exhibition of paintings and sculptures lent by five New York collectors. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Sept. 9.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BLUE HILL, MAINE. Rowantrees Pavilion: Paintings by Julia Thecla, collages by Robert Nickle, and mobiles by Donald Outerbridge; through Aug. 27. A group exhibition by Morris Graves, David Smith, and others; starting Aug. 28. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30; Sundays, noon to 6.) ... **CANAAN, N.Y.** The Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American artists, among them Hopper, Marsh, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and Sol Wilson. (Daily, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 3.) ... **DENNIS, MASS.** Cape Arts Center: Paintings by Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, Lawrence Kupferman, and others, as well as sculptures by Arnold Geissbuhler. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 9; through Aug. 31.) ... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: The thirteenth annual members' exhibition; through Aug. 28. Garden sculptures by members of the Sculptors' Guild, among them Arline Wingate, Joseph Konzal, and Chaim Gross; through Sept. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) ... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: Two

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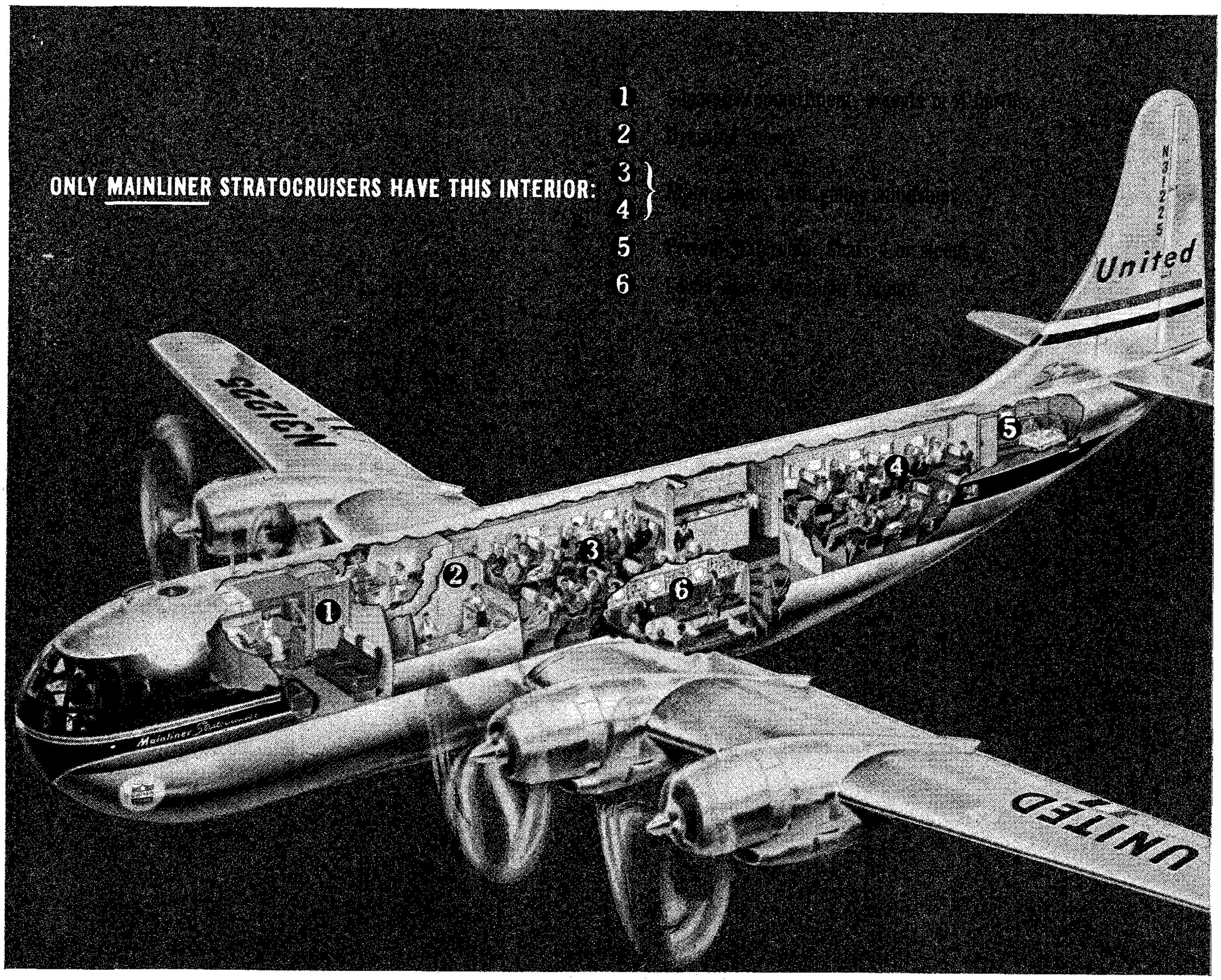
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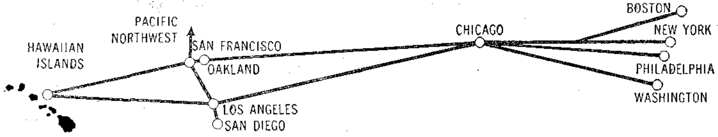
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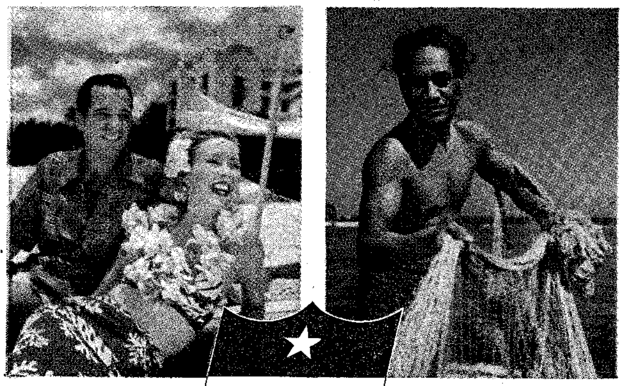

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

painters, Henrik Mayer and Fuller Potter, and a sculptor, Henry Kreis; through Aug. 27. The annual members' group show; starting Aug. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . HARTFORD, CONN. Wadsworth Atheneum: A showing of about fifty paintings, sculptures, and prints, all done by New England artists. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Sept. 2.) . . . KENT, CONN. Kent Art Association: The twenty-third annual showing of work by member artists. (Daily, 2 to 6; through Sept. 2.) . . . MANCHESTER, VT. Southern Vermont Art Center: The yearly exhibition by the Southern Vermont Artists. (Daily, 2 to 9; starting Aug. 25.) . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others, in the second part of the Association's twenty-seventh Annual. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3.) . . . NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: A joint showing by Hazard Durfee and Frank Duncan, plus a solo show by Jane Gray. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Sept. 3.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Among the contributors to the large exhibition here are Ernest Fiene, Chris Ritter, and Edward Betts. (Weekdays, 10 to noon and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3.) . . . OLD LYME, CONN. Lyme Art Association: Nineteenth annual fall show of oils, plus some pastels, water colors, prints, and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; starting Aug. 25.) . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. Berkshire Museum: Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, along with a memorial showing of works by E. Barnard Lintott. (Weekdays, except Monday, 10 to 5; Sunday, 2 to 5; through Aug. 31.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: A mixed-mediums exhibition by Hans Hofmann, George Biddle, Karl Knaths, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6 and 7 to 10; through Sept. 3.) . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: The current fare here includes a group of water colors by Maine artists and a collection of paintings and drawings by Andrew Wyeth. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The second part of a jury show of works by Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6; through Sept. 16.) . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: Paintings and sculptures by both professional and amateur artists of eastern Long Island. (Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 5; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10; through Sept. 9.)

MUSIC

Salmaggi Opera—Tentative schedule—Saturday, Aug. 25: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 30-31: "Fledermaus." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. All performances at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 2.)

South Mountain—The Busch-Serkin Trio. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 26, at 4. For information about tickets, write to the South Mountain Association, Pittsfield.)

Song of Songs Music Festival—Shoshana Damari, contralto; Stefan Kozakevich, baritone; and the Bennett String Trio, in a concert of Jewish music. (Mr. and Mrs. Albert Granovsky's residence, Willow Downs, Croton-on-Hudson. Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call Croton 1-3203. In the event of rain, the program will be held at the Community Church, Baptist Church Road, Yorktown Heights.)

Folk Song and Jazz Roundtable—Music by a number of prominent jazzmen; songs by John Lee Hooker and Mahalia Jackson; and commentaries by professors of music and the social sciences. (Music Inn, Lenox, Mass. Nightly at 8:30, from Saturday, Aug. 25,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call MU 5-0866.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Aug. 23, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:05 (doubleheader), and Monday, Aug. 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 28-29, at 1:30, and Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2 (doubleheader), and Monday, Aug. 27, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 28-30, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs Dodgers, Saturday, Sept. 1, at 1:30.

Boxing—Kid Gavilan vs. Billy Graham, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, Aug. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, and Wheatley Hills Golf Club, East Williston. Tuesday, Aug. 28.)

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—**BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury.

Racing—At Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Grand Union Hotel and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25; the Alabama, Wednesday, Aug. 29; the Saratoga Cup, Thursday, Aug. 30; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Sept. 1.

Tennis—Wightman Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, Aug. 25, through Monday, Sept. 3. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Wall St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, Aug. 28. (Trains will leave Grand Central Station for the track at 6:57, 7:28, and 7:40, except Saturday, and at 7:20 on Saturday.) . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Daily at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Flushing Meadow, Mondays through Fridays, the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly hold occasional meetings to which the public is admitted. For information about tickets and transportation, call PLaza 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.

Hayden Planetarium—The August show is called "The Beginning and End of the World." Starting Saturday, Sept. 1, there will be a new show, "Exploring the Constellations." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 26: Two early sound films—"Shaw Talks for Movietone" (1927), and "Hallelujah" (1929). . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 27: Three experimental French films—"Fièvre" (1921), "La Souriante Madame Beudet" (1922), and "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1928). (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bright Victory—The problems of the blind—in this case, the military blind—and their intimates, capably interpreted by Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Emperor's Nightingale—A charming adaptation of the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, in which hundreds of handsome dolls act out the pretty fable. A Czechoslovakian film, with a commentary written by Phyllis McGinley. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Aug. 26.)

Force of Arms—An honestly told, if occasionally trite, story of love and war, with William Holden and Nancy Olson. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

Four in a Jeep—A multilingual film, most of it in English, describing the activities of a patrol in the International Zone of Vienna. The Patrol includes an American, a Russian, an Englishman, and a Frenchman. Although not entirely satisfactory, the picture contains a compelling scene portraying the homecoming of Austrian prisoners of war. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 28.)

The Frogmen—An undersea trip with some swimmers representing a U. S. Navy demolition team in action in the Pacific during the last war. Richard Widmark, Gary Merrill, and Dana Andrews. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 25-27.)

The Great Caruso—There aren't many biographical facts in this alleged account of the great man's life, but there is a spate of good music, sung, for the most part, by Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten, and Blanche Thebom. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Aug. 29.)

Kon-Tiki—Films taken during a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. Stimulating material, accompanied by a witty, informative narrative written and spoken by Thor Heyerdahl, who was headman on the voyage. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Magnet—An English film describing the misunderstandings of an imaginative small boy and some practical adults. Not up to the standards of "The Fallen Idol," to which it has a dim resemblance, but entertaining for all that. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Aug. 24.)

Marie du Port—The effect a village barmaid exercises on a middle-aged and bored big-city fellow. Jean Gabin is outstanding as the urban gentleman in this diverting French film. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Oliver Twist—An English version of the Dickens novel that is handsomely mounted, and distinguished by the performance of Alec Guinness as Fagin. John Howard Davies is the Oliver of the piece, and Robert Newton, Francis L. Sullivan, and Kay Walsh are on hand as some of the other colorful characters. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

Operation Disaster—A British film that tells, without surplus flourishes, the story of a submarine sunk in fifteen fathoms not far from shore. A highly exciting business in which Richard Attenborough and John Mills stand out in a cast crowded with expert actors. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Aug. 27-28.)

Show Boat—Around the bend again. Not as dashing as some of its predecessors but pleasant nevertheless. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Strangers on a Train—A Hitchcock film that doesn't travel as fast as some he's directed in the past but that displays enough of his ingenuity with a camera to interest one sporadically. With Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Aug. 25-28. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 26-27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 26-28. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Aug. 28-29. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Aug. 29.)

Tales of Hoffmann—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Tony Draws a Horse—An English film that gently spoofs a number of the homeland's peculiar mores. Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford head an excellent cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 23.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday in the Garson Kanin comedy concerning a junkman's paramour who takes up political science. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 23.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 26-27.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 28.)

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral item, with Fernandel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 24-25.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 23, tentative.)

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell facing the hazards of India. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 24-25.)

Madeleine (1950)—Love and arsenic mingled in a British mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. With Ann Todd. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Aug. 24.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 24.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—The Anderson play, with Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 29.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy concerning a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 29.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Aug. 29.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 26-27, tentative.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. A French film, with Jean Marais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—A small boy picks race-track winners while riding a rocking horse in his nursery. A British picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 28-29, tentative.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 25-28.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 23, tentative.)

Tragic Hunt (1948)—An Italian film concerning a lady bandit and her gang. With Vivo Gioi. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 12.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Aug. 23: "Happy Go Lovely," David Niven, Vera-Ellen.
From Aug. 24: "Jim Thorpe—All American," Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through afternoon of Aug. 28 (tentative): "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson.
From Aug. 28, at 8:30: "A Place in the Sun," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Aug. 28: "Tomorrow Is Another Day," Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran.
From Aug. 29: "Pool of London," Bonar Colleano.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Aug 28: "My Outlaw Brother," Mickey Rooney, Robert Preston.
From Aug. 29: "Little Egypt," Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SHOW BOAT.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Aug. 28: "That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From Aug. 29: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Susan Hayward, Gregory Peck.

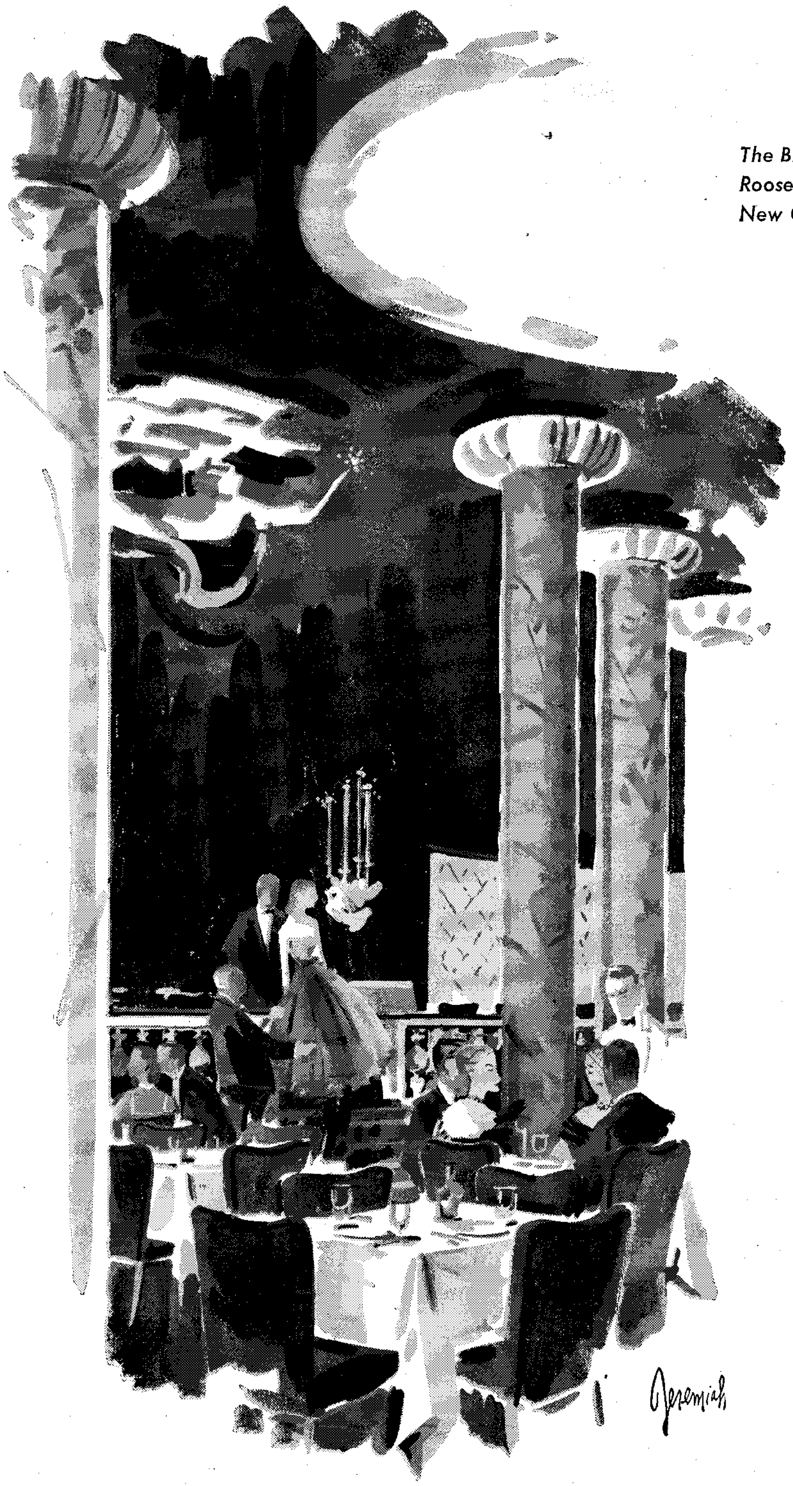
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Aug. 28: "Meet Me After the Show," Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey.
From Aug. 29: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Iron Man," Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BRIGHT VICTORY.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
FORCE OF ARMS.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Women Without Names" (in four languages), Valentina Cortesa, Simone Simon.



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Hospitality Reigns . . . and Simtex quality napery crowns every table! Like so many select dining places, the Blue Room of the New Orleans Roosevelt Hotel chooses Simtex napery for its lustrous beauty that stays impeccably fresh through repeated launderings—a result of the Simtex Basco finish process. Look for fine Simtex napery in decorator colors and smartly-styled patterns designed for your own home!

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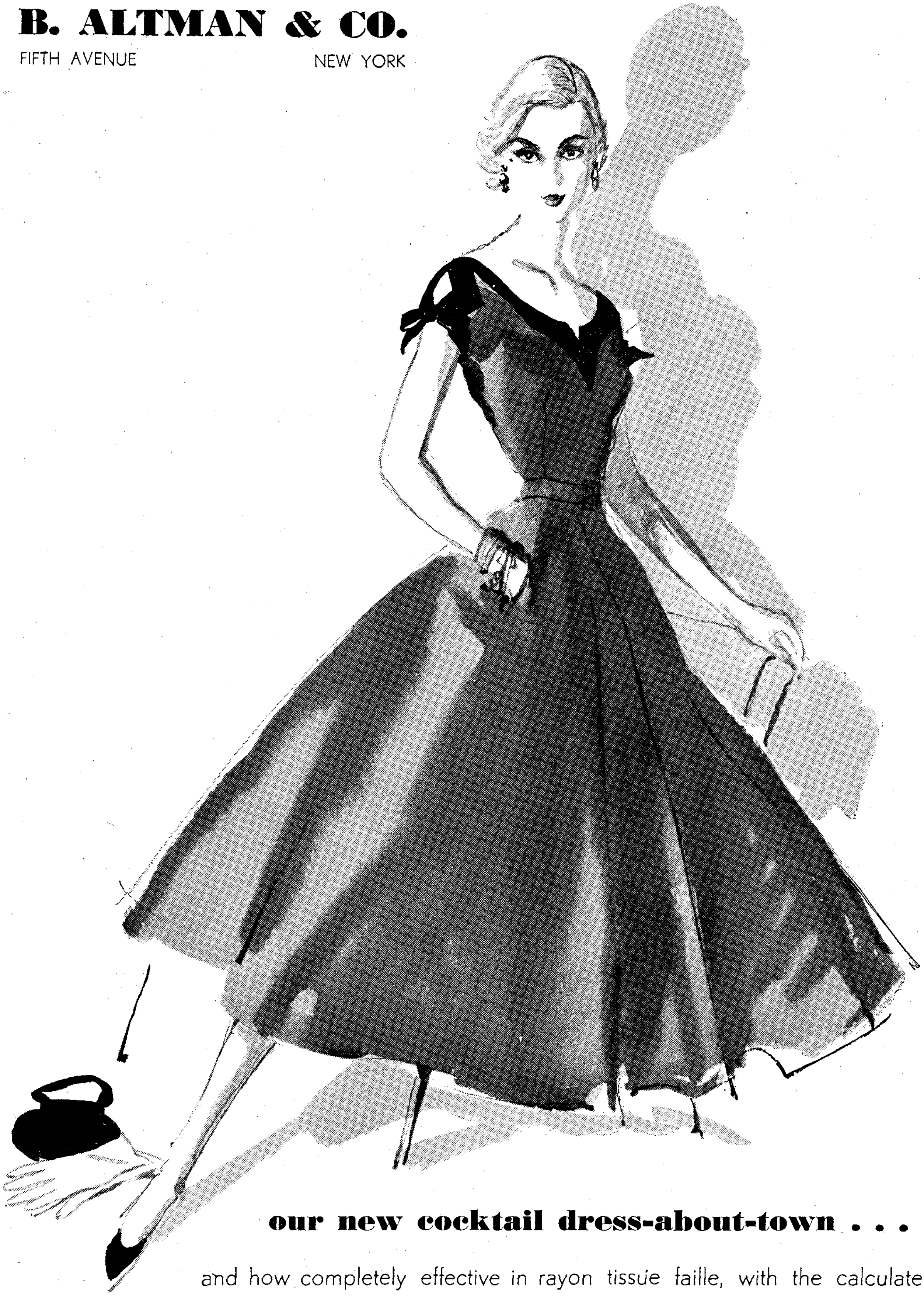

our new cocktail dress-about-town . . .

and how completely effective in rayon tissue faille, with the calculated flattery of rayon velvet at neckline and shoulders. Black only with complete rayon taffeta underskirt. Sizes 10 to 18 at 39.95.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

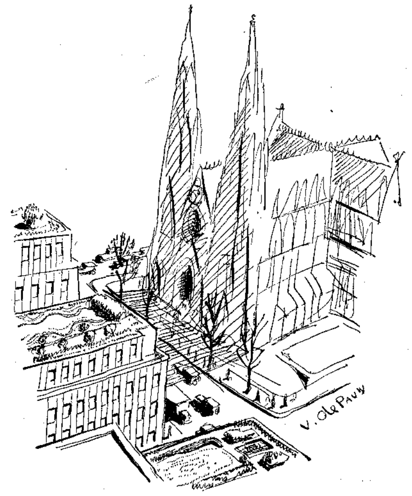
THE five-year-old daughter of a televisionless household in Jersey regarded the arrival of a new piano with no enthusiasm. "Can't we put something on the roof to show we've got it?" she asked.

THE Advertising Club has received with considerable professional satisfaction the news that the police of Orizaba, Mexico, have captured a homicidal bandit of that region known as El Palmolive.

WE report the following carefully and accurately, attempting no explanation. The other evening, in a bar where we sometimes find ourself, a very drunk soldier was holding forth on the quantitative and qualitative military superiority of the United States. We have the biggest and best Army, he pointed out, the biggest and best Navy, and the biggest and best Air Force, and if the need arose, we could lick any nation or combination of nations, anywhere. At that juncture, someone asked him the usual question, "How about Russia?" "Russia!" he said. "Russia! Those little people! Why, we'd just bottle them up in their little peninsula until they yelled 'Uncle.' "

Deserted Island

A FEW weeks ago, we read in the papers that the federal government had offered to turn over Hoffman Island, in the Lower Bay at the entrance to the Narrows, to the city as a hospital center for drug addicts, and this got us so interested in the island that we resolved to pay it a visit. This was arranged for us by the local office of the General Services Administration of the United States Government, an agency set up a couple of years ago as a result of Herbert Hoover's report on how to make the government more efficient. Since the island, which has an area of eleven and a half acres, has been abandoned and is the beneficiary of no regular transportation, a thirty-eight-foot Coast Guard picket boat, with a crew of four, was placed at our disposal, and this we boarded one morning last week, at the Coast Guard's East River pier at the foot of Old Slip, in the company of Messrs. William McMorrow and George B. Feenan of the G.S.A. staff, neither of whom had ever before set foot on Hoffman. As we traversed Buttermilk Channel, between Governors Island and Brooklyn, Mr. McMorrow informed us, to our surprise, that Hoffman is an artificial island, having been built, or dumped, by New York State as a quarantine station in the eighteen-seventies. In 1921, the federal government bought it from the state for a million dollars, and continued it in its function until 1935. By that time, the case load of contagious diseases sent to the island had so dwindled—to around five patients a year—that the quarantine station was given up. In 1937, the government declared the island surplus property. LaGuardia talked of making it into a summer camp for children, but nothing came of that. In the summer of 1938, the U.S. Maritime Commission took custody of it and Swinburne Island, a smaller body of land, also artificial, about half a mile to the south, from the Procurement Division of the Treasury, and set up a maritime training school on both islands. This closed in 1947, and the Maritime Commission turned Hoffman and Swinburne, which it had improved to the tune of $807,245.87, over to the Public Buildings Administration. Well, P.B.A.'s island responsibilities were assumed by G.S.A., which declared the islands "excess to the needs of the government," or surplus, and Hoffman Island is now on the market, since the city declined it as a narcotic addicts' spa and has chosen a site on North Brother Island, in the East River, instead. "We just want to get it off the books," Mr. McMorrow said. "It's not really a commercial proposition, is it, George? Who the hell would use it and for what?" Mr. Feenan shook his head. "I understand, George, that the place is in very poor shape," Mr. McMorrow went on. "Did we cannibalize it ourselves? Take out the plumbing?" Mr. Feenan shook his head. "Those junkmen's boats stripped it of everything," he said. Mr. McMorrow observed that the federal government owns a *third* deserted island in New York—Mill Rock, in the East River off Ninety-sixth Street. "Bob Moses is terrified that someone will put up a beer advertisement on it," Mr. Feenan said.



This conversation concluded when we were some forty minutes out at sea, and five minutes later we disembarked on Hoffman, which is about two miles west of Coney and three-quarters of a mile southeast of Staten Island's South Beach. We walked along a large pier, on which there were signs reading, "U.S. Government Property. Keep Off," and a derelict powerboat about twenty-five feet long, and came into a great courtyard bordered on three sides by two-story red brick buildings, nearly every windowpane of which was shattered. A plaque over the doorway of the largest structure read, “Erected 1872. Board of Commissioners. Richard Schell. Samuel Barton. A. N. Bell, M.D. A. Oakey Hall, Mayor of New York. S. S. Powell, Mayor of Brooklyn. S. Oakley Vanderpoel, M.D., Health Officer.” Another plaque, on a neighboring building, read, “Improvement of the Quarantine. Established by the Port of New York, 1888-1891. Supervising Commission. Abram S. Hewitt, Hugh J. Grant, Mayors of New York. Alfred C. Chapin, Mayor of Brooklyn.” Making our way around broken glass, torn-out radiators, pieces of plumbing, and dead sea gulls, we explored a dozen buildings, in one of which we picked up a U.S. Maritime Service Training Station Radio School pamphlet. “Requests for medical advice of an urgent nature should be preceded by the urgent signal in order to give them priority over all other radio traffic except distress communications,” we read, and entered an edifice housing an immense kitchen and mess hall, where we inspected a dozen metal dining tables, screwed to the floor, and a number of posters showing articles of food and bearing the legends “Refuse What You Don’t Want” and “Can You Eat All This? If Not, Don’t Take It.”

Pushing south, we passed poplars, ailanthus trees, Queen Anne’s lace, milkweed, black-eyed Susans, clumps of asters, and clouds of cabbage and sulphur butterflies, and finally came to several gray houses that appeared to have once been dormitories. All were empty and denuded of plumbing. Door cards in some of the rooms read “S. Said, Ptr. 2/c,” “N. Rodrigue, Ptr. 1/c,” “A. Halvorsen, Ptr. 1/c,” “Lt. Simmon,” and “Lt. Smith.” Two cement tennis courts, their white paint lines still intact, commanded a view of the old Half Moon Hotel, now a hospital, on Coney Island. “There are sixteen permanent buildings and seven temporary ones,” Mr. McMorrow said as we entered a permanent one containing a gymnasium, a basketball court, and a stage. “You know, I’m disappointed. I thought we’d find lepers chained to the wall. I used to write for the pulps, and I’ve written this story many times—the lonely island, the girl, and the murderous old hermit.” We emerged into the sunlight, and he gazed disconsolately at a monarch butterfly. “It would cost quite a lot to rehabilitate this place,” Mr. Feenan said. “Still, the buildings are good.”

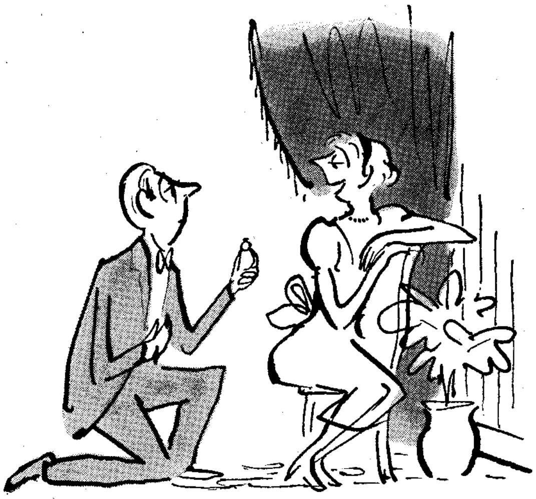
We strolled past two gigantic chimneys, a firehouse pump station, an incinerator, a water tower, and several Rheingold beer cans, then reboarded the picket boat and made for Swinburne. Hundreds of sea gulls arose as we landed. There we inspected four or five small buildings, among them a ruined diner. “Swinburne isn’t really our baby,” Mr. McMorrow said. “It’s involved in some sort of Navy deal.” He told us that he was born in New York but that our trip had taken him across waters he had never coursed before. “Where were you born, George?” he asked. “I’m fifty-six last Saturday,” Mr. Feenan said, “and I got up this morning in the room I was born in, in Brooklyn.”

Thirst for Information

LAST Monday morning, a man phoned a local department store to order an item advertised in Sunday’s paper. He described it to a girl in the order department, and asked to have it sent to his office. “Is your office open Saturdays for deliveries?” the girl asked. “Yes,” said the man, “but won’t it be delivered before then?” “Oh, surely!” the girl replied.

Honorary Zulu

HAVING been advised by a garment manufacturer that Jack Davis, a man who licenses American firms to decorate children’s shirts and sweaters, ladies’ dress material, and socks, bathrobes, toys, and jewelry with African motifs like a dancing Zulu warrior, often accompanied by the catchy phrase “Bulu the Zulu,” was probably the only person in this country who was partly brought up by a Zulu tribe, we called on him at the headquarters of his firm, Bulu African Enterprises, Ltd., on lower Fifth Avenue. He is a tall, dark-haired, good-looking fellow of forty-seven, and he was born in Cape Town, South Africa, of English parents. “My father was a diamond-and-gold pioneer, along with Cecil Rhodes, the Joels, and the Barnatos,” he said.



“Whatever do you see in poor little me?”

• •

“He had a Zulu servant, Sekuza Magoom, who I think had once saved his life, or done him some other extraordinary favor. In any case, when I was four, he made Sekuza my personal servant. Around this time, Sekuza, who took a three-month vacation every year and spent it with his family in Zululand, asked permission to take me along, and my father consented. For the next nine years, I accompanied Sekuza on his visits home. This was in Natal, twelve hundred miles from Cape Town, but at the time of these trips—the South African winter, which was the rainy season around Cape Town—my parents would go to Durban, which is near Zululand. I lived in a hut in a kraal, or small family village, and learned the Zulu language and Zulu ways. At six, the boys are taken out on the veldt, barefoot, by older boys and taught geology, facts about fauna and flora, how to tend cattle, and how to use weapons, starting out with sticks and working up to the knobkerrie, a heavy club with a knobbed head, which you throw, like a hammer, to bring down birds or bash in an enemy’s head. I was also taught that I should defer to snakes, as they represented the returned spirits of ancestors, but I hated snakes, and still do, and never learned to defer to them. The rest of the year, I went to school in Cape Town. When I was eleven, I was inducted into Sekuza’s tribe as a blood brother. A drop of my blood was placed on a leaf and mixed with a drop of a Zulu chief’s blood. This gave me the right, at forty, to appear in Zulu courts and argue a case, but I never took advantage of this.”

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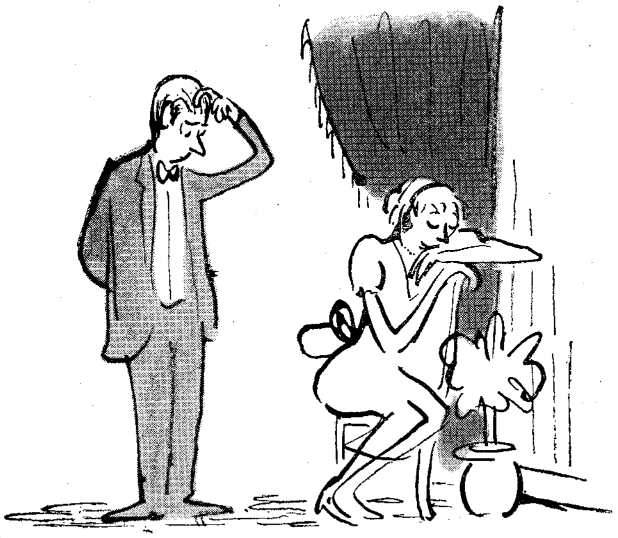

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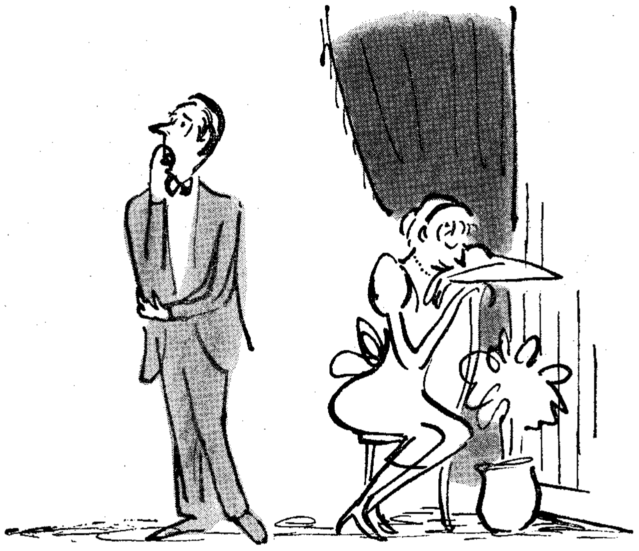

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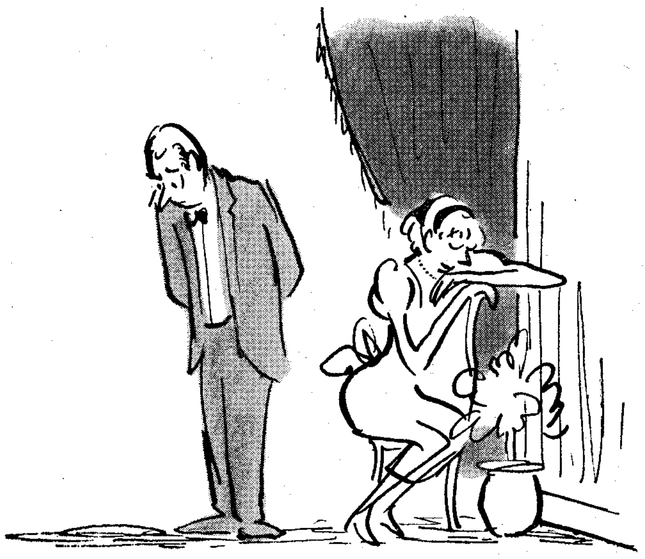

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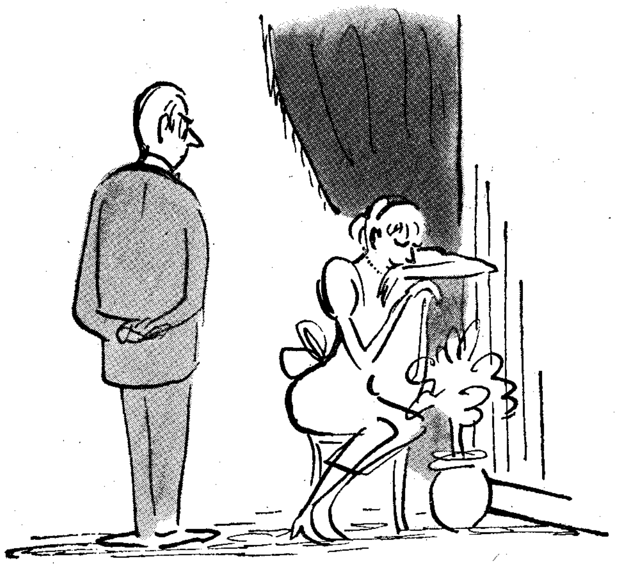

When Davis was thirteen, he went to sea as a cabin boy on a British freighter. He wandered around the world for seven years, taking jobs on boats and jumping ship in Australia, New Zealand, India, Madagascar, and the Dutch East Indies. He returned to Cape Town in 1924 and, although he had notified no one of his arrival, found Sekuza waiting on the breakwater to greet him, his arms raised in the Zulu salute. "He just said that two days before he had felt I was coming back," Mr. Davis told us. After working in the Orange Free State diamond mines for a while, he went to England in 1927, married an English girl, entered the furniture business, served with the British Royal Artillery during the war, returned to Cape Town as an importer of American ladies' wear, revisited Zululand, and in 1945 came to San Francisco, as manager of a hosiery company. In 1948, he made another trip to Zululand; Sekuza was dead, but Davis called on several members of his friend's family. "My present enterprise was born of a doll I had made up there," he said. "I had it covered with genuine leopard skin, called it Bulu the Zulu—'bulu' means 'lizard' in Zulu; I just liked the rhyme—and showed it to some manufacturers here. It cost too much to make, but the manufacturers were interested in the name, so I patented it, gave up

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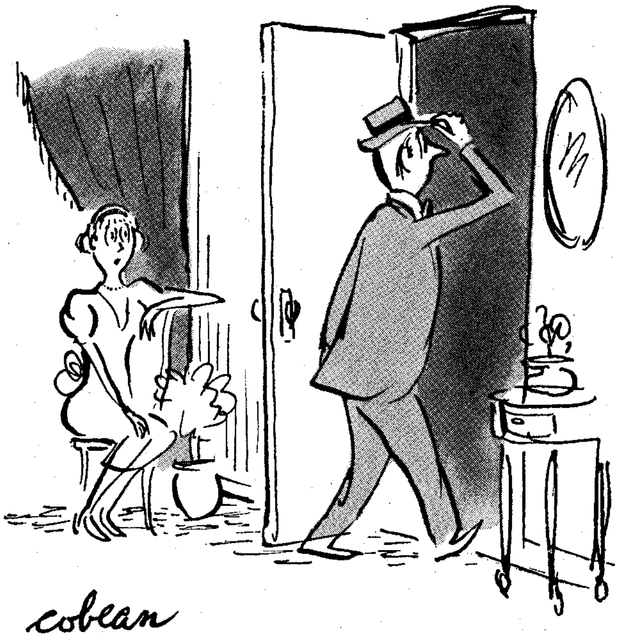


my California job, and came here to sell Bulu the Zulu novelties." He showed us a Bulu the Zulu boy's shirt, which he said was stocked by Bloomingdale's and by other stores from coast to coast. It was ornamented with a wildly dancing Zulu warrior. "Exaggerated, of course," said Davis, "but you know what boys are like—little savages. I've had recourse to a certain amount of artistic license. Actually, Zulus are restrained and terribly polite. Their worst insult is to call a man a dove, but if one man *does* call another a dove, the insulted man changes his name to Mr. Dove, and sticks to it until his insulter gets so ashamed that he apologizes and offers him two head of cattle. They then make up, and the insulted man resumes his original name."

Mr. Davis told us that Bulu the Zulu was about to burgeon from the personal-adornment field into candy, biscuits, and cookies, and would, he thought, eventually rival Hopalong Cassidy. "I'm also importing several million *kwindis*," he said. "They're African beans that are considered lucky. We'll put them in jewelry and on shoelaces, and bury them in the heels of shoes." We wished him luck, and left.

Splendid Example

A SUMMER student at Wellesley reports that a sheet of house rules, affixed to her door with Scotch Tape, reads, "No Scotch Tape May Be Used Anywhere on Walls or Woodwork in Any College Buildings."

Item

FRIEND of ours who was motoring through Texas last month stopped at the Cadillac sales-service establishment in Fort Worth to get the carburetor of his car adjusted, and while paying his bill was privy to an incident so startling that he delayed his departure until he could retrace the course of events and document the details. These he has now communicated to us, as follows: "I was waiting for my change in the main office when the phone of one of the Cadillac salesmen rang. On the other end was a Texas millionaire, if you will pardon the tautology, who was registered at the Blackstone Hotel in town there. 'You got a Cadillac with the top that goes up and down?' he asked. 'Got it in a blue?' Assured that one such was on hand, he went on to inquire about various extras—radio, heater, and so on. All were instantly available. 'Well, put 'em on, fill her up with gas and oil, and have the car brought around to the hotel in two hours,' he said. The salesman murmured something about payment terms. 'Oh,' said the customer, 'just charge it to my hotel room here.' The salesman dazedly called up the manager of the Blackstone, who said to go ahead. Two hours later, a boy drove the Cadillac to the hotel, dropped its keys at the desk, and received $4,270 in cash from the room clerk."

Our informant did not forward us a copy of the purchaser's hotel bill, but we like to conjure it up, in part:

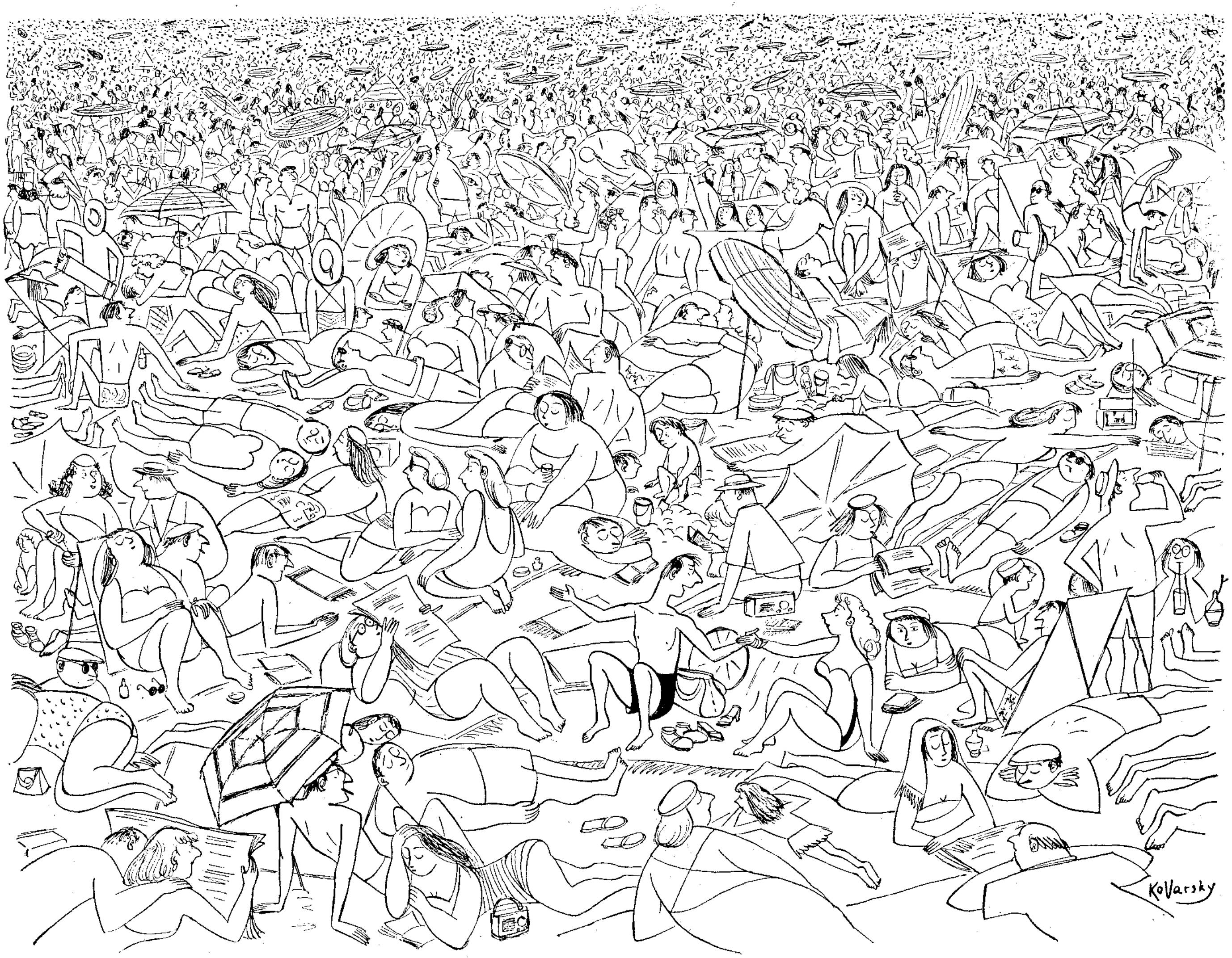
Laundry	$4.86
Newspapers	.80
Telephone	1.45
Room service	16.50
Cadillac C.O.D.	4,270.00

All Out

SEATED on a metal chair close by the first tee at the Siwanoy Country Club, in Bronxville, one clear morning last week, we conducted an interview with the club's assistant pro, Arthur Wall, Jr., who we had been told is the world's hole-in-one champion. Mr. Wall, a light-haired, wiry, tan, blue-eyed, sober-looking young man of twenty-seven, who was seated on a metal chair opposite us, informed us that he has shot thirty holes-in-one, mostly with a No. 8 iron. Tom Kerrigan, the head pro at Siwanoy, has shot four, but takes his assistant's achievements gracefully. If a hole is over two hundred and thirty yards long, Wall doesn't try to hole out in one. If it's less, he does, except when competing in a medal-play match, where the lowest number of strokes for the whole round wins. Then he usually aims for the middle of the green—a safety measure. "It's a question of penny wise, pound foolish," he explained. "If the hole is located near the edge of the green, as it often is, you may miss the green altogether and take a terrible drubbing getting back on. In match play, where the number of holes won is what counts, I go all out. If I miss the green then, I have only that hole to lose. Generally speaking, amateurs are more likely to shoot holes-in-one than pros, because pros almost always play medal matches. Horton Smith has fourteen and Sam Snead sixteen. I have twenty-eight as an amateur and two as a pro. The longest hole-in-one I made was three hundred and thirty yards, a par four—the second hole at the Hillandale Golf Club, in Durham, North Carolina. I used a driver. Let's shut up a minute."

Three large men had walked onto the tee. One of them, a husky, white-haired gentleman in a plaid shirt and a straw hat, addressed the ball. We craned forward to watch him shoot. After shifting his weight several times, he finally drew back his club and whacked the ball a tremendous clout that hooked smartly into the woods at the left. "Too bad this isn't a dog-leg," one of his partners commiserated. "I shouldn't have eaten those damn clams," the white-haired man muttered. "Your stance was too open," Wall called over to him in a brisk way. "You swung the club from the outside in instead of from the inside out. Clams got nothing to do with it." The two other players stepped up and drove, one of them topping his ball, the other hitting a whistling slice to the right, and Wall indicated it was all right to talk again.

We asked him how many holes-in-one he thought he'd lost through the bad luck of having the ball strike the flagstick and bounce back. He shrugged. "The hole is four and a quarter inches in diameter and the flagstick is only a half inch," he said, "so let's assume it's negligible. There's no rule that says you can't send a caddie out before you drive and have him stand by the flagstick, ready to pull it out of the way, but you sure are putting yourself out on a limb in front of everybody if you do. Quiet a minute." A party of four ladies was approaching the tee. One of them, wearing a skirt, a sweater, and a shapeless felt hat, teed up her ball and grimly blasted it. The other ladies then grimly blasted theirs. When they'd got out of earshot, Wall told us he has received, as premiums for shooting holes-in-one, boxes of Life Savers, packages of razor blades, cases of Wheaties, and a trophy consisting of a golf ball



"Want to go see if we can find the water?"

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mounted next to the head of a silver-coated driver. Last summer, he was also able to cash in an insurance policy. A friend of his had taken it out with Lloyd's of London in April, 1950, for a premium of four dollars, and it stipulated that if Wall hit a hole-in-one before January 1, 1951, Lloyd's would pay Wall four hundred dollars. He did and they did. "Lloyd's looks at a hole-in-one as a hundred-to-one shot," Wall said, "but it's a whale of a lot more than that. I got the money-winning hole-in-one on this course, back in July of last year. The third hole. It's a hundred and ninety yards, par three, and I did it with a four iron. Lloyd's has stopped selling policies like that. I'm a member of the P.G.A. Hole-in-One Club and an honorary member of the Honesdale Country Club, in Pennsylvania. I've shot fourteen holes-in-one there—the second, sixth, and eighth, all par three."

Wall, who was born in Honesdale, shot his first seven aces when he was fourteen and fifteen. He attended Duke University, where he was captain of the golf team his senior year and won an intercollegiate driving contest with an average distance of two hundred and eighty-six yards. He is in his second year as assistant pro at Siwanoy, where he is available for lessons from eight-thirty in the morning until six-thirty in the afternoon, six days a week. His day off is Monday, and he generally spends it competing in any nearby one-day golf tournament that is being played. He won the Pennsylvania State Amateur Championship in 1947 and 1949, and holds the course record at Honesdale—58, which is twelve under par. From the beginning of April to the end of October, he's at Siwanoy; after that he makes the professional-tournament circuit—California, Texas, Florida, and so on. He finished in the money in last year's Miami Open. To get official credit for a hole-in-one, Wall said, you have to have at least one witness, who signs the scorecard, and the signature of the head pro of the club where it's shot. We asked Wall if, after teeing off and failing to get a hole-in-one, he ever dropped a second ball and tried again. "The whole premise is laughable," he said. He told us he entered the *World-Telegram & Sun* Hole-in-One Tournament twice, but didn't win either time. "I'll probably enter again, but they're quite a strain," he said. "You stand there with a big crowd watching and shoot five shots and your best ball maybe comes close, but it doesn't go in. You feel so insignificant."

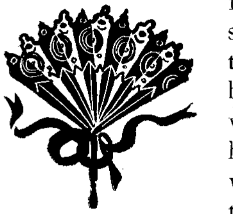
Service

THE mother of a recent Westchester bride, apprehensive about the safety of her daughter's wedding presents, arranged with three teen-age lads of the neighborhood to stand guard over the gifts during the church ceremony and subsequent reception. They showed up on time, each armed with a BB gun.

GOODBYE, MY BROTHER

WE are a family that has always been very close in spirit, and when I said goodbye to my brother Lawrence, it was with a deep sense of loss. Our father was drowned in a sailing accident when we were young, and our mother has always stressed the fact that our familial relationships have a kind of permanence that we will never meet with again. I don't think about the family much, but when I remember its members and the coast where they lived and the sea salt that I think is in our blood, I am happy to recall that I am a Pommeroy—that I have the nose, the coloring, and the promise of longevity—and that while we are not a distinguished family, we enjoy the illusion, when we are together, that the Pommeroys are unique. I don't say any of this because I'm interested in family history or because this sense of uniqueness is deep or important to me but in order to advance the point that we are loyal to one another in spite of our differences, and that any rupture in this loyalty is a source of confusion and pain.

We are four children; there is my sister Diana and the three men—Chaddy, Lawrence, and myself. Like most families in which the children are out of their twenties, we have been separated by business, marriage, and war. Helen and I live on Long Island now, with our four children. I teach in a secondary school, and I am past the age where I expect to be made headmaster—or principal, as we say—but I respect the work. Chaddy, who has done better than the rest of us, lives in Manhattan, with Odette and their children. Mother lives in Philadelphia, and Diana, since her divorce, has been living in France, but she comes back to the States in the summer to spend a month at Laud's Head. Laud's Head is a summer place on the shore of one of the Massachusetts islands. We used to have a cottage there, and in the twenties our father built the big house. It stands on a cliff above the sea and, excepting St. Tropez and some of the Apennine villages, it is my favorite place in the world. We each have an equity in the place and we contribute some money to help keep it going.



Our youngest brother, Lawrence, who is a lawyer, got a job with a Cleveland firm after the war, and none of us saw him for four years. When he decided to leave Cleveland and go to work for a firm in Albany, he wrote Mother that he would, between jobs, spend ten days at Laud's Head, with his wife and their two children. This was when I had planned to take my vacation—I had been teaching summer school—and Helen and Chaddy and Odette and Diana were all going to be there, so the family would be together. Lawrence is the member of the family with whom the rest of us have least in common. We have never seen a great deal of him, and I suppose that's why we still call him Tifty—a nickname he was given when he was a child, because when he came down the hall toward the dining room for breakfast, his slippers made a noise that sounded like "Tifty, tifty, tifty." That's what Father called him, and so did everyone else. When he grew older, Diana sometimes used to call him Little Jesus, and Mother often called him The Croaker. We had disliked Lawrence, but we looked forward to his return with a mixture of apprehension and loyalty, and with some of the joy and delight of reclaiming a brother.

LAWRENCE crossed over from the mainland on the four-o'clock boat one afternoon late in the summer, and Chaddy and I went down to meet him. The arrivals and departures of the summer ferry have all the outward signs that suggest a voyage—whistles, bells, hand trucks, reunions, and the smell of brine—but it is a voyage of no import, and when I watched the boat come into the blue harbor that afternoon and thought that it was completing a voyage of no import, I realized that I had hit on exactly the kind of observation that Lawrence would have made. We looked for his face behind the windshields as the cars drove off the boat, and we had no trouble in recognizing him. And we ran over and shook his hand and clumsily kissed his wife and the children. "Tifty!" Chaddy shouted. "Tifty!" It is difficult to judge changes in the appearance of a brother, but both Chaddy and I agreed, as we drove back to Laud's Head, that Lawrence still looked very young. He got to the house first, and we took the suitcases out of his car. When I came in, he was standing in the living room, talking with Mother and Diana. They were in their best clothes and all their jewelry, and they were welcoming him extravagantly, but even then, when everyone was endeavoring to seem most affectionate and at a time when these endeavors come easiest, I was aware of a faint tension in the room. Thinking about this as I carried Lawrence's heavy suitcases up the stairs, I realized that our dislikes are as deeply ingrained as our better passions, and I remembered that once, twenty-five years ago, when I had hit Lawrence on the head with a rock, he had picked himself up and gone directly to our father to complain.

I carried the suitcases up to the third floor, where Ruth, Lawrence's wife, had begun to settle her family. She is a thin girl, and she seemed very tired from the journey, but when I asked her if she didn't want me to bring a drink upstairs to her, she said she didn't think she did.

When I got downstairs, Lawrence wasn't around, but the others were all ready for cocktails, and we decided to go ahead. Lawrence is the only member of the family who has never enjoyed drinking. We took our cocktails onto the terrace, so that we could see the bluffs and the sea and the islands in the east, and the return of Lawrence and his wife, their presence in the house, seemed to refresh our responses to the familiar view; it was as if the pleasure they would take in the sweep and the color of that coast, after such a long absence, had been imparted to us. While we were there, Lawrence came up the path from the beach.

"Isn't the beach fabulous, Tifty?" Mother asked. "Isn't it fabulous to be back? Will you have a Martini?"

"I don't care," Lawrence said. "Whiskey, gin—I don't care what I drink. Give me a little rum."

"We don't have any *rum*," Mother said. It was the first note of asperity. She has taught us never to be indecisive, never to reply as Lawrence had. Beyond this, she is deeply concerned with the propriety of her house, and anything irregular by her standards, like drinking straight rum or bringing a beer can to the dinner table, excites in her a conflict that she cannot, even with her capacious sense of humor, surmount. She sensed the asperity and worked to repair it. "Would you like some Irish, Tifty dear?" she said. "Isn't Irish what you've always liked? There's some Irish on the sideboard. Why don't you get yourself some Irish?" Lawrence said that he didn't care. He poured himself a Martini, and then Ruth came down and we went in to dinner.

In spite of the fact that we had, through waiting for Lawrence, drunk too much before dinner, we were all anxious to put our best foot forward and to enjoy a peaceful time. Mother is a small woman whose face is still a striking reminder of how pretty she must have been, and whose conversation is unusually light, but she talked that evening about a soil-reclamation project that is going on up-island. Diana is as pretty as Mother must have been; she is an animated and lovely woman who likes to talk about the dissolute friends that she has made in France, but she talked that night about the school in Switzerland where she had left her two children. I could see that the dinner had been planned to please Lawrence. It was not too rich, and there was nothing to make him worry about extravagance.

AFTER supper, when we went back onto the terrace, the clouds held that kind of light that looks like blood, and I was glad that Lawrence had such a lurid sunset for his homecoming. When we had been out there a few minutes, a man named Edward Chester came to get Diana. She had met him in France, or on the boat home, and he was staying for ten days at the inn in the village. He was introduced to Lawrence and Ruth, and then he and Diana left.

"Is that the one she's sleeping with now?" Lawrence asked.

"What a horrid thing to say!" Helen said.

"You ought to apologize for that, Tifty," Chaddy said.

"I don't know," Mother said tiredly. "I don't know, Tifty. Diana is in a position to do whatever she wants, and I don't ask sordid questions. She's my only daughter. I don't see her often."

"Is she going back to France?"

"She's going back the week after next."

Lawrence and Ruth were sitting at the edge of the terrace, not in the chairs, not in the circle of chairs. With his mouth set, my brother looked to me then like a Puritan cleric. Sometimes, when I try to understand his frame of mind, I think of the beginnings of our family in this country, and his disapproval of Diana and her lovers reminded me of this. The branch of the Pommeroys to which we belong was founded by a minister who was eulogized by Cotton Mather for his untiring abjuration of the Devil. The Pommeroys were ministers until the middle of the nineteenth century, and the harshness of their thought—man is full of misery, and all earthly beauty is lustful and corrupt—has been preserved in books and sermons. The temper of our family changed somewhat and became more lighthearted, but when I was of school age, I can remember a cousinage of old men and women who seemed to hark back to the dark days of the ministry and to be animated by perpetual guilt and the deification of the scourge. If you are raised in this atmosphere—and in a sense we were—I think it is a trial of the spirit to reject its habits of guilt, self-denial, taciturnity, and penitence, and it seemed to me to have been a trial of the spirit in which Lawrence had succumbed.

"Is that Cassiopeia?" Odette asked.

"No, dear," Chaddy said. "That isn't Cassiopeia."

"Who was Cassiopeia?" Odette said.

"She was the wife of Cepheus and the mother of Andromeda," I said.

"The cook is a Giants fan," Chaddy said. "She'll give you even money that they win the pennant."

It had grown so dark that we could see the passage of light through the sky from the lighthouse at Cape Herion. In the dark below the cliff, the continual detonations of the surf sounded. And then, as she often does when it is getting dark and she has drunk too much before dinner, Mother began to talk about the improvements and additions that would someday be made on the house, the wings and bathrooms and gardens.

"This house will be in the sea in five years," Lawrence said.

"Tifty the Croaker," Chaddy said.

"Don't call me Tifty," Lawrence said.

"Little Jesus," Chaddy said.

"The sea wall is badly cracked," Lawrence said. "I looked at it this afternoon. You had it repaired four years ago, and it cost eight thousand dollars. You can't do that every four years."

"Please, Tifty," Mother said.

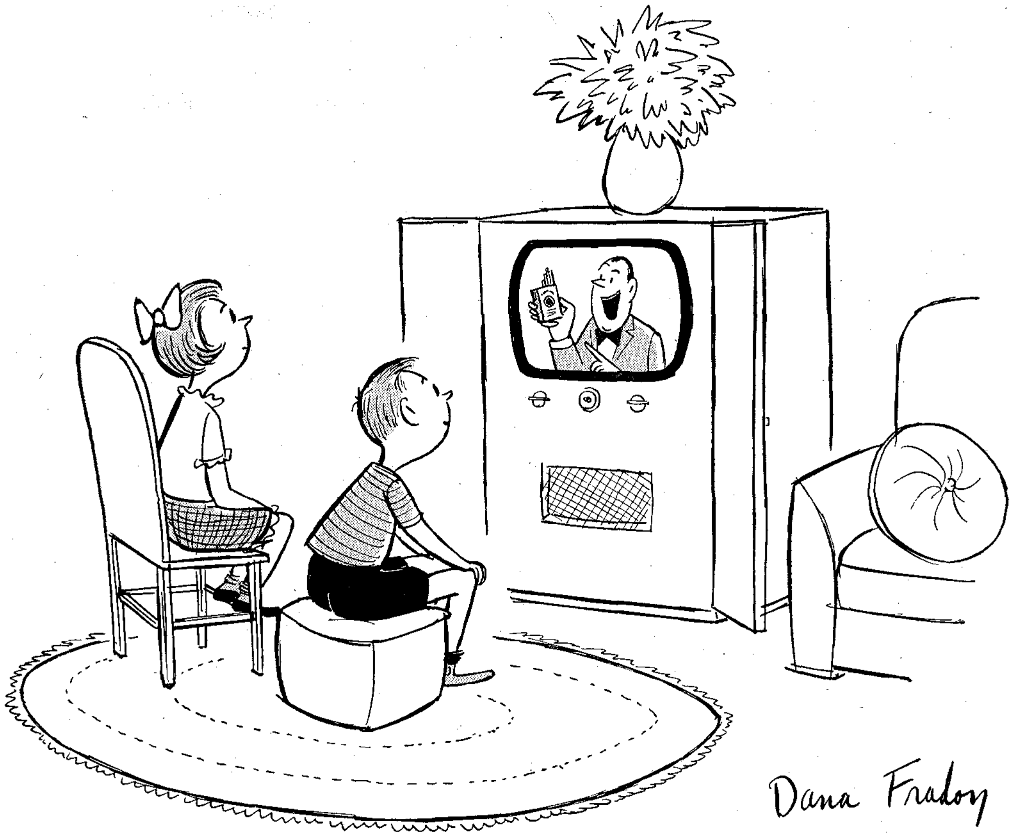
"Facts are facts," Lawrence said, "and it's a damned-fool idea to build a house at the edge of a cliff on a sinking coastline. In my lifetime, half the garden has washed away and there's four feet of water where we used to have a bathhouse."

"Let's have a very *general* conversation," Mother said bitterly. "Let's talk about politics or the boat-club dance."

"As a matter of fact," Lawrence said, "the house is probably in some danger now. If you had an unusually high sea, a hurricane sea, the wall would crumble and the house would go. We could all be drowned."

"I can't *bear* it," Mother said. She went into the pantry and came back with a full glass of gin.

I have grown too old now to think that I can judge the sentiments of others, but I was conscious of the tension between Lawrence and Mother, and I knew some of the history of it. Lawrence couldn't have been more than sixteen years old when he decided that Mother was frivolous, mischievous, destructive, and overly strong. When he had determined this, he decided to sepa-



"And, remember, kiddies, Arden's delicious, creamy chocolate cigarettes are preferred by more doctors' children than any other brand of chocolate cigarettes."

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rate himself from her. He was at boarding school then, and I remember that he did not come home for Christmas. He spent Christmas with a friend. He came home very seldom after he had made his unfavorable judgment on Mother, and when he did come home, he always tried, in his conversation, to remind her of his estrangement. When he married Ruth, he did not tell Mother. He did not tell her when his children were born. But in spite of these principled and lengthy exertions he seemed, unlike the rest of us, never to have enjoyed any separation, and when they are together, you feel at once a tension, an unclearness.

And it was unfortunate, in a way, that Mother should have picked that night to get drunk. It's her privilege, and she doesn't get drunk often, and fortunately she wasn't bellicose, but we were all conscious of what was happening. As she quietly drank her gin, she seemed sadly to be parting from us; she seemed to be in the throes of travel. Then her mood changed from travel to injury, and the few remarks she made were petulant and irrelevant. When her glass was nearly empty, she stared angrily at the dark air in front of her nose, moving her head a little, like a fighter. I knew that there was not room in her mind then for all the injuries that were crowding into it. Her children were stupid, her husband was drowned, her servants were thieves, and the chair she sat in was uncomfortable. Suddenly she put down her empty glass and interrupted Chaddy, who was talking about baseball. "I know one *thing*," she said hoarsely. "I know that if there is an afterlife, I'm going to have a very different kind of family. I'm going to have nothing but fabulously rich, witty, and enchanting children." She got up and, starting for the door, nearly fell. Chaddy caught her and helped her up the stairs. I could hear their tender good nights, and then Chaddy came back. I thought that Lawrence by now would be tired from his journey and his return, but he remained on the terrace, as if he were waiting to see the final malfeasance, and the rest of us left him there and went swimming in the dark.

WHEN I woke the next morning, or half woke, I could hear the sound of someone rolling the tennis court. It is a fainter and a deeper sound than the iron buoy bells off the point—an unrhythmic iron chiming—that belongs in my mind to the beginnings of a summer day, a good portent. When I went downstairs, Lawrence's two kids were in the living room, dressed in ornate cowboy suits. They are frightened and skinny children. They told me their father was rolling the tennis court but that they did not want to go out because they had seen a snake under the doorstep. I explained to them that their cousins—all the other children—ate breakfast in the kitchen and that they'd better run along in there. At this announcement, the boy began to cry. Then his sister joined him. They cried as if to go in the kitchen and eat would destroy their most precious rights. I told them to sit down with me. Lawrence came in, and I asked him if he wanted to play some tennis. He said no, thanks, although he thought he might play some singles with Chaddy. He was in the right here, because both he and Chaddy play better tennis than I, and he did play some singles with Chaddy after breakfast, but later on, when the others came down to play family doubles, Lawrence disappeared. This made me cross—unreasonably so, I suppose—but we play darned interesting family doubles and he could have played in a set for the sake of courtesy.

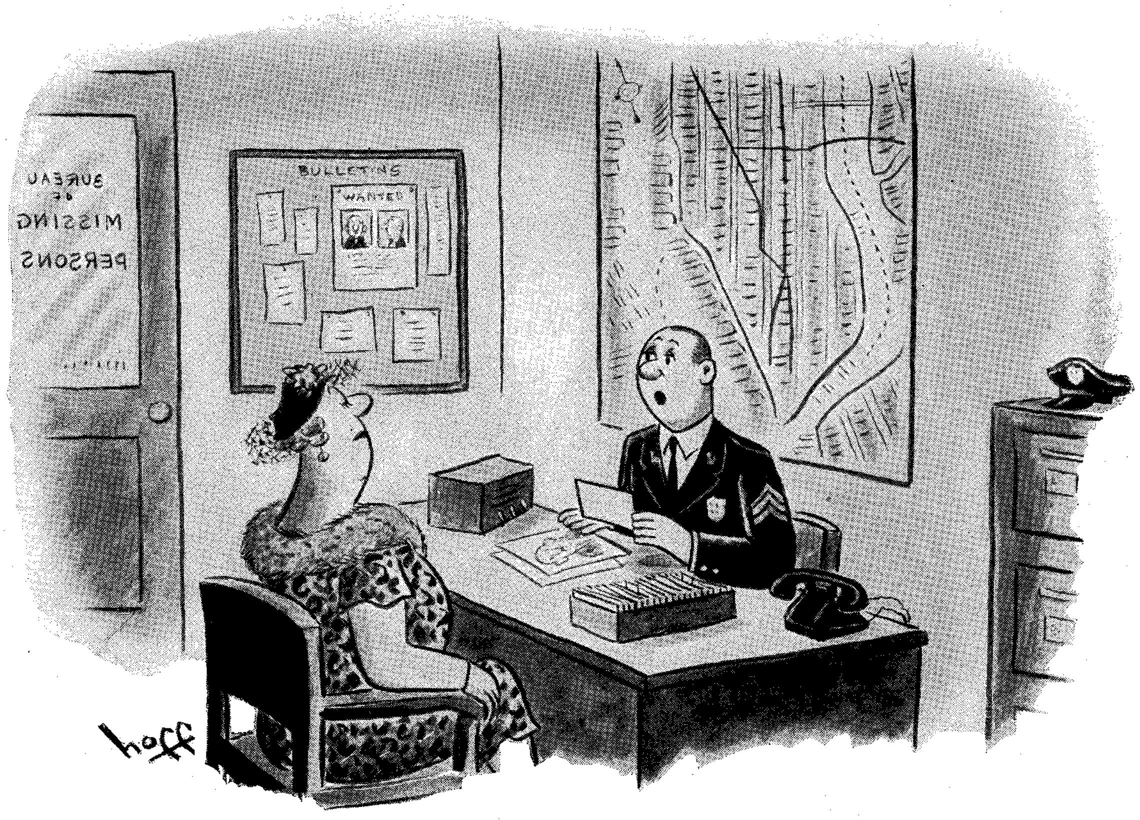
MME. ZIZI
CRYSTAL GAZER
HOME APPOINTMENTS
CLARKE

Late in the morning, when I came up from the court alone, I saw Tifty on the terrace, prying up a shingle from the wall with his jackknife. "What's the matter, Lawrence?" I said. "Termites?" There are termites in the wood and they've given us a lot of trouble.

He pointed out to me, at the base of each row of shingles, a faint blue line of carpenter's chalk. "This house is about twenty-two years old," he said. "These shingles are about two hundred years old. Dad must have bought shingles from all the farms around here when he built the place, to make it look venerable. You can still see the carpenter's chalk put down where these antiques were nailed into place."

It was true about the shingles, although I had forgotten it. When the house was built, our father, or his architect, had ordered it covered with lichened and weather-beaten shingles. I didn't follow Lawrence's reasons for thinking that this was scandalous.

"And look at these doors," Lawrence said. "Look at these doors and window frames." I followed him over to a big Dutch door that opens onto the terrace and looked at it. It was a relatively new door, but someone had worked hard to conceal its newness. The surface had been deeply scored with some metal implement, and white paint had been rubbed into the incisions to imitate brine, lichen, and weather rot. "Imagine spending thousands of dollars to make a sound house look like a wreck," Lawrence said. "Imagine the frame of mind this implies. Imagine wanting to live so much in the past that you'll pay men carpenters' wages to disfigure your front door." Then I remembered Lawrence's sensitivity to time and his sentiments and opinions about our feelings for the past. I had heard him say, years ago, that we and our friends and our part of the nation, finding ourselves unable to cope with the problems of the present, had, like a wretched adult, turned back to what we supposed was a happier and a simpler time, and that our taste for reconstruction and candlelight was a measure of this irremediable failure. The faint blue line of chalk had reminded him of these ideas, the scarified door had re-



“I see by the files we also failed to find your first husband.”

inforced them, and now clue after clue presented itself to him—the stern light at the door, the bulk of the chimney, the width of the floorboards and the pieces set into them to resemble pegs. While Lawrence was lecturing me on these frailties, the others came up from the court. As soon as Mother saw Lawrence, she responded, and I saw that there was little hope of any rapport between the matriarch and the changeling. She took Chaddy’s arm. “Let’s go swimming and have Martinis on the beach,” she said. “Let’s have a *fabulous* morning.”

THE sea that morning was a solid color, like verd stone. Everyone went to the beach but Tifty and Ruth. “I don’t mind *him*,” Mother said. She was excited, and she tipped her glass and spilled some gin into the sand. “I don’t mind *him*. It doesn’t matter to me how *rude* and *horrid* and *gloomy* he is, but what I can’t bear are the faces of his wretched little children, those fabulously unhappy little children.” With the height of the cliff between us, everyone talked wrathfully about Lawrence; about how he had grown worse instead of better, how unlike the rest of us he was, how he endeavored to spoil every pleasure. We drank our gin; the abuse seemed to reach a crescendo, and then, one by one, we went swimming in the solid green water. But when we came out no one mentioned Lawrence unkindly; the line of abusive conversation had been cut, as if swimming had the cleansing force claimed for baptism. We dried our hands and lighted cigarettes, and if Lawrence was mentioned, it was only to suggest, kindly, something that might please him. Wouldn’t he like to sail to Barin’s cove, or go fishing?

And now I remember that while Lawrence was visiting us, we went swimming oftener than we usually do, and I think there was a reason for this. When the irritability that accumulated as a result of his company began to lessen our patience, not only with Lawrence but with one another, we would all go swimming and shed our animus in the cold water. I can see the family now, smarting from Lawrence’s rebukes as they sat on the sand, and I can see them wading and diving and surface-diving and hear in their voices the restoration of patience and the rediscovery of inexhaustible good will. If Lawrence noticed this change—this illusion of purification—I suppose that he would have found in the vocabulary of psychiatry, or the mythology of the Atlantic, some circumspect name for it, but I don’t think he noticed the change. He neglected to name the curative powers of the open sea, but it was one of the few chances for diminution that he missed.

THE cook we had that year was a Polish woman named Anna Ostrovick, a summer cook. She was first-rate—a big, fat, hearty, industrious woman who took her work very seriously. She liked to cook and to have the food she cooked appreciated and eaten, and whenever we saw her, she always urged us to eat. She cooked hot bread—crescents and brioches—for breakfast two or three times a week, and she would bring these into the dining room herself and say, “Eat, eat, eat!” When the maid took the serving dishes back into the pantry, we could sometimes hear Anna, who was standing there, say, “Good! They eat.” She fed the garbage man, the milkman, and the gardener. “Eat!” she told them. “Eat, eat!” On Thursday afternoons, she went to the movies with the maid, but she didn’t enjoy the movies, because the actors were all so thin. She would sit in the dark theatre for an hour and a half watching the screen anxiously for the appearance of someone who had enjoyed his food. Bette Davis merely left with Anna the impression of a woman who has not eaten well. “They are all so skinny,” she would say when she left the movies. In the evenings, after she had gorged all of us, and washed the pots and pans, she would collect the table scraps and go out to feed the creation. We had a few chickens that year, and although they would have roosted by then, she would dump food into their trough and urge the sleeping fowl to eat. She fed the songbirds in the orchard and the chipmunks in the yard. Her appearance at the edge of the garden and her urgent voice—we could hear her calling “Eat, eat, eat”—had become, like the sunset gun at the boat club and the passage of light from Cape Herion, attached to that hour. “Eat, eat, eat,” we could hear Anna say. “Eat, eat . . .” Then it would be dark.

When Lawrence had been there three days, Anna called me into the kitchen. “You tell your mother,” she said, “that *he* doesn’t come into my kitchen. If *he* comes into my kitchen all the time, I go. *He* is always coming into my kitchen to tell me what a sad woman I am. He is always telling me that I work too hard and that I don’t get paid enough and that I should belong to a union with vacations. Ha! He is so skinny but he is always coming into my kitchen when I am busy to pity me, but I am as good as him, I am as good as *anybody*, and I do not have to have people like that getting into my way all the time and feeling sorry for me. I am a famous and a wonderful cook and I have jobs everywhere and the only reason I come here to work this summer is because I was never before on an island, but I can have other jobs tomorrow, and if he is always coming into my kitchen to pity me, you tell your mother I am going. I am as good as *anybody* and I do not have to have that skinny all the time telling how poor I am."

I was pleased to find that the cook was on our side, but I felt that the situation was delicate. If Mother asked Lawrence to stay out of the kitchen, he would make a grievance out of the request. He could make a grievance out of anything, and it sometimes seemed that as he sat darkly at the dinner table, every word of disparagement, wherever it was aimed, came home to him. I didn't mention the cook's complaint to anyone, but somehow there wasn't any more trouble from that quarter.

THE next cause for contention that I had from Lawrence came over our backgammon games.

When we are at Laud's Head, we play a lot of backgammon. At eight o'clock, after we have drunk our coffee, we usually get out the board. In a way, it is one of our pleasantest hours. The lamps in the room are still unlighted, Anna can be seen in the dark garden, and in the sky above her head there are continents of shadow and fire. Mother turns on the light and rattles the dice as a signal. We usually play three games apiece, each with the others. We play for money, and you can win or lose a hundred dollars on a game, but the stakes are usually much lower. I think that Lawrence used to play—I can't remember—but he doesn't play any more. He doesn't gamble. This is not because he is poor or because he has any principles about gambling but because he thinks the game is foolish and a waste of time. He was ready enough, however, to waste his time watching the rest of us play. Night after night, when the game began, he pulled a chair up beside the board, and watched the checkers and the dice. His expression was scornful, and yet he watched carefully. I wondered why he watched us night after night, and, through watching his face, I think that I may have found out.

Lawrence doesn't gamble, so he can't understand the excitement of winning and losing money. He has forgotten how to play the game, I think, so that its complex odds can't interest him. His observations were bound to include the facts that backgammon is an idle game and a game of chance, and that the board, marked with points, was a symbol of our worthlessness. And since he doesn't understand gambling or the odds of the game, I thought that what interested him must be the members of his family. One night when I was playing with Odette—I had won thirty-seven dollars from Mother and Chaddy—I think I saw what was going on in his mind.

Odette has black hair and black eyes. She is careful never to expose her white skin to the sun for long, so the striking contrast of blackness and pallor is not changed in the summer. She needs and deserves admiration—it is the element that contents her—and she will flirt, unseriously, with any man. Her shoulders were bare that night, her dress was cut to show the division of her breasts and to show her breasts when she leaned over the board to play. She kept losing and flirting and making her losses seem like a part of the flirtation. Chaddy was in the other room. She lost three games, and when the third game ended, she fell back on the sofa and, looking at me squarely, said something about going out on the dunes to settle the score. Lawrence heard her. I looked at Lawrence. He seemed shocked and gratified at the same time, as if he had suspected all along that we were not playing for anything so insubstantial as money. I may be wrong, of course, but I think that Lawrence felt that in watching our backgammon he was observing the progress of a mordant tragedy in which the money we won and lost served as a symbol for more vital forfeits. It is like Lawrence to try to read significance and finality into every gesture that we make, and it is certain of Lawrence that when he finds the inner logic to our conduct, it will be sordid.

Chaddy came in to play with me. Chaddy and I have never liked to lose to each other. When we were younger, we used to be forbidden to play games together, because they always ended in a fight. We think we know each other's mettle intimately. I think he is prudent; he thinks I am foolish. There is always bad blood when we play anything—tennis or backgammon or softball or bridge—and it does seem at times as if we were playing for the possession of each other's liberties. When I lose to Chaddy, I can't sleep. All this is only half the truth of our competitive relationship, but it was the half-truth that would be discernible to Lawrence, and his presence at the table made me so self-conscious that I lost two games. I tried not to seem angry when I got up from the board. Lawrence was watching me. I went out onto the terrace to suffer there in the dark the anger I always feel when I lose to Chaddy.

When I came back into the room, Chaddy and Mother were playing. Lawrence was still watching. By his lights, Odette had lost her virtue to me, I had lost my self-esteem to Chaddy, and now I wondered what he saw in the present match. He watched raptly, as if the opaque checkers and the marked board served for an exchange of critical power. How dramatic the board, in its ring of light, and the quiet players and the crash of the sea outside must have seemed to him! Here was spiritual cannibalism made visible; here, under his nose, were the symbols of the rapacious use human beings make of one another.

Mother plays a shrewd, an ardent, and an interfering game. She always has her hands in her opponent's board. When she plays with Chaddy, who is her favorite, she plays intently. Lawrence would have noticed this. Mother is a sentimental woman. Her heart is good and easily moved by tears and frailty, a characteristic that, like her handsome nose, has not been changed at all by age. Grief in another provokes her deeply, and she seems at times to be trying to divine in Chaddy some grief, some loss, that she can succor and redress, and so reëstablish the relationship that she enjoyed with him when he was sickly and young. She loves defending the weak and the childlike, and now that we are old, she misses it. The world of debts and business, men and war, hunting and fishing has on her an exacerbating effect. (When Father drowned, she threw away his fly rods and his guns.) She has lectured us all endlessly on self-reliance, but when we come back to her for comfort and for help—particularly Chaddy—she seems to feel most like herself. I suppose Lawrence thought that the old woman and her son were playing for each other's soul.

She lost. "Oh *dear*," she said. She looked stricken and bereaved, as she always does when she loses. "Get me my glasses, get me my checkbook, get me something to drink." Lawrence got up at last and stretched his legs. He looked at us all bleakly. The wind and the sea had risen, and I thought that if he heard the waves, he must hear them only as

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a dark answer to all his dark questions; that he would think that the tide had expunged the embers of our picnic fires. The company of a lie is unbearable, and he seemed like the embodiment of a lie. I couldn't explain to him the simple and intense pleasures of playing for money, and it seemed to me hideously wrong that he should have sat at the edge of the board and concluded that we were playing for one another's soul. He walked restlessly around the room two or three times and then, as usual, gave us a parting shot. "I should think you'd go crazy," he said, "cooped up with one another like this, night after night. Come on, Ruth. I'm going to bed."

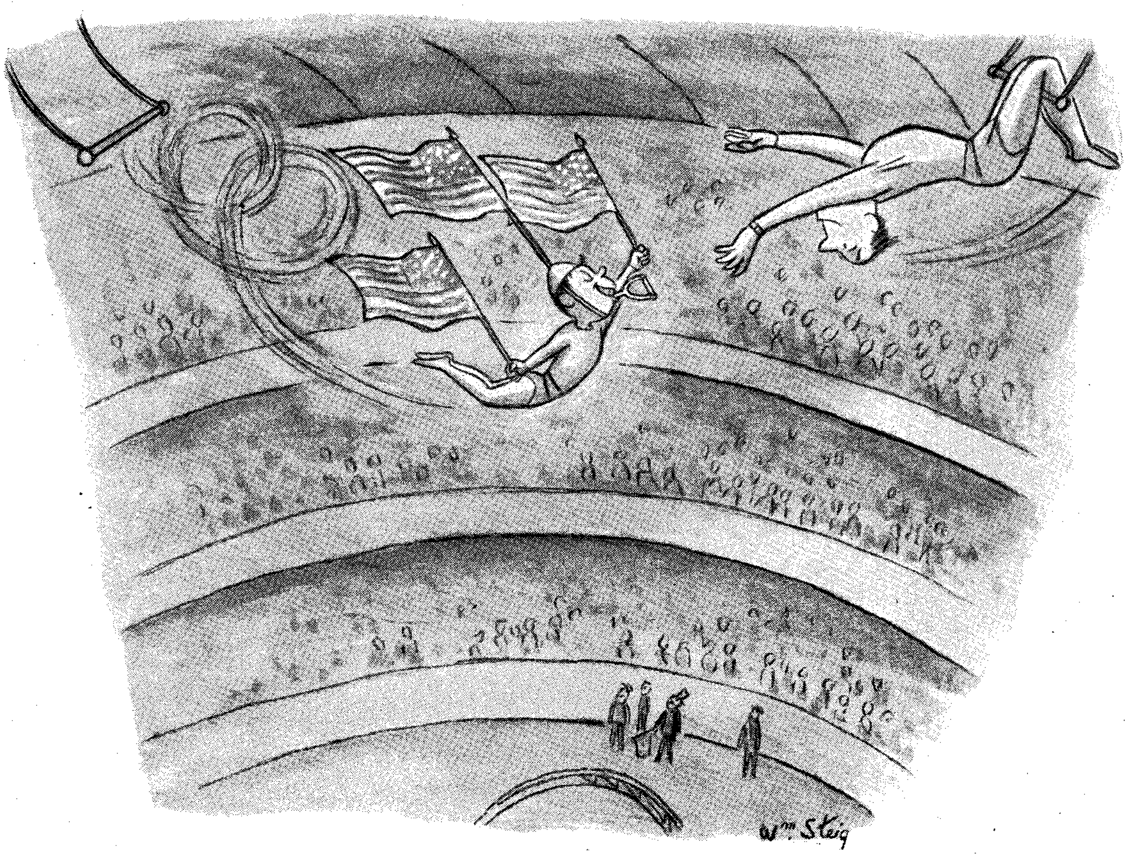
THAT night, I dreamed about Lawrence. I saw his plain face magnified into ugliness, and when I woke in the morning, I felt sick, as if I had suffered a great spiritual loss while I slept, like the loss of courage and heart. It was foolish to let myself be troubled by my brother. I needed a vacation. I needed to relax. At school, we live in one of the dormitories, we eat at the house table, and we never get away. I not only teach English winter and summer but I work in the principal's office and fire the pistol at track meets. I needed to get away from this and from every other form of anxiety, and I decided to avoid my brother. Early that day, I took Helen and the children sailing, and we stayed out until suppertime. The next day, we went on a picnic. Then I had to go to New York for a day, and when I got back, there was the costume dance at the boat club. Lawrence wasn't going to this, and it's a party where I always have a wonderful time.

The invitations that year said to come as you wish you were. After several conversations, Helen and I had decided what to wear. The thing she most wanted to be again, she said, was a bride, and so she decided to wear her wedding dress. I thought this was a good choice—sincere, lighthearted, and inexpensive. Her choice influenced mine, and I decided to wear an old football uniform. Mother decided to go as Jenny Lind, because there was an old Jenny Lind costume in the attic. The others decided to rent costumes, and when I went to New York, I got the clothes. Lawrence and Ruth didn't enter into any of this.

Helen was on the dance committee, and she spent most of Friday decorating the club. Diana and Chaddy and I went sailing. Most of the sailing that I do these days is in Manhasset, and I am used to setting a homeward course by the gasoline barge and the tin roofs of the boat shed, and it was a pleasure that afternoon, as we returned, to keep the bow on a white church spire in the village and to find even the inshore water green and clear. At the end of our sail, we stopped at the club to get Helen. The committee had been trying to give a submarine appearance to the ballroom, and the fact that they had nearly succeeded in accomplishing this illusion made Helen very happy. We drove back to Laud's Head. It had been a brilliant afternoon, but on the way home we could smell the east wind—the dark wind, as Lawrence would have said—coming in from the sea.

My wife, Helen, is thirty-eight, and her hair would be gray, I guess, if it were not dyed, but it is dyed an unobtrusive yellow—a faded color—and I think it becomes her. I mixed cocktails that night while she was dressing, and when I took a glass upstairs to her, I saw her for the first time since our marriage in her wedding dress. There would be no point in saying that she looked to me more beautiful than she did on our wedding day, but because I have grown older and have, I think, a greater depth of feeling, and because I could see in her face that night both youth and age, both her devotion to the young woman that she had been and the positions that she had yielded graciously to time, I think I have never been so deeply moved. I had already put on the football uniform, and the weight of it, the heaviness of the pants and the shoulder guards, had worked a change in me, as if in putting on these old clothes I had put off the reasonable anxieties and troubles of my life. It felt as if we had both returned to the years before our marriage, the years before the war.

The Collards had a big dinner party



DREAMS OF GLORY

Aerialist

before the dance, and our family—excepting Lawrence and Ruth—went to this. We drove over to the club, through the fog, at about half past nine. The orchestra was playing a waltz. While I was checking my raincoat, someone hit me on the back. It was Chucky Ewing, and the funny thing was that Chucky had on a football uniform. This seemed comical as hell to both of us. We were laughing when we went down the hall to the dance floor. I stopped at the door to look at the party, and it was beautiful. The committee had hung fish nets all around the sides and over the high ceiling. The nets on the ceiling were filled with colored balloons. The light was soft and uneven, and the people—our friends and neighbors—dancing in the soft light to "Three O'Clock in the Morning" made a pretty picture. Then I noticed the number of women dressed in white, and I realized that they, like Helen, were wearing wedding dresses. Patsy Hewitt and Mrs. Gear and the Lackland girl waltzed by, dressed as brides. Then Pep Talcott came over to where Chucky and I were standing. He was dressed to be Henry VIII, but he told us that the Auerbach twins and Henry Barrett and Dwight MacGregor were all wearing football uniforms, and that by the last count there were ten brides on the floor.

This coincidence, this funny coincidence, kept everybody laughing, and made this one of the most lighthearted parties we've ever had at the club. At first I thought that the women had planned with one another to wear wedding dresses, but the ones that I danced with said it was a coincidence and I'm sure that Helen had made her decision alone. Everything went smoothly for me until a little before midnight. I saw Ruth standing at the edge of the floor. She was wearing a long red dress. It was all wrong. It wasn't in the spirit of the party at all. I danced with her, but no one cut in, and I was darned if I'd spend the rest of the night dancing with her and I asked her where Lawrence was. She said he was out on the dock, and I took her over to the bar and left her and went out to get Lawrence.

The east fog was thick and wet, and he was alone on the dock. He was not in costume. He had not even bothered to get himself up as a fisherman or a sailor. He looked particularly saturnine. The fog blew around us like a cold smoke. I wished that it had been a clear night, because the easterly fog seemed to play into my misanthropic brother's hands. And I knew that the buoys—the groaners and bells that we could hear then—would sound to him like half-human, half-drowned cries, although every sailor knows that buoys are necessary and reliable fixtures, and I knew that the foghorn at the lighthouse would mean wanderings and losses to him and that he could misconstrue the vivacity of the dance music. "Come on in, Tifty," I said, "and dance with your wife or get her some partners."

"Why should I?" he said. "Why should I?" And he walked to the window and looked in at the party. "Look at it," he said. "Look at that . . ."

Chucky Ewing had got hold of a balloon and was trying to organize a scrimmage line in the middle of the floor. The others were dancing a samba. And I knew that Lawrence was looking bleakly at the party as he had looked at the weather-beaten shingles on our house, as if he saw here an abuse and a distortion of time; as if in wanting to be brides and football players we exposed the fact that, the lights of youth having been put out in us, we had been unable to find other lights to go by and, destitute of faith and principle, had become foolish and sad. And that he was thinking this about so many kind and happy and generous people made me angry, made me feel for him such an unnatural abhorrence that I was ashamed, for he is my brother and a Pommeroy. I put my arm around his shoulders and tried to force him to come in, but he wouldn't.

I got back in time for the Grand March, and after the prizes had been given out for the best costumes, they let the balloons down. The room was hot, and someone opened the big doors onto the dock, and the easterly wind circled the room and went out, carrying across the dock and out onto the water most of the balloons. Chucky Ewing went running out after the balloons, and when he saw them pass the dock and settle on the water, he took off his football uniform and dove in. Then Eric Auerbach dove in and Lew Phillips dove in and I dove in, and you know how it is at a party after midnight when people start jumping into the water. We recovered most of the balloons and dried off and went on dancing, and we didn't get home until morning.

THE next day was the day of the flower show. Mother and Helen and Odette all had entries. We had a pickup lunch, and Chaddy drove the women and children over to the show. I took a nap, and in the middle of the afternoon I got some trunks and a towel and, on leaving the house, passed Ruth in the laundry. She was washing clothes. I don't know why she should seem to have so much more work to do than anyone else, but she is always washing or ironing or mending clothes. She may have been taught, when she was young, to spend her time like this, or she may be at the mercy of an expiatory passion. She seems to scrub and iron with a penitential fervor, although I can't imagine what it is that she thinks she's done wrong. Her children were with her in the laundry. I offered to take them to the beach, but they didn't want to go.

It was late in August, and the wild grapes that grow profusely all over the island made the land wind smell of wine. There is a little grove of holly at the end of the path, and then you climb the dunes, where nothing grows but that coarse grass. I could hear the sea, and I remember thinking how Chaddy and I used to talk mystically about the sea. When we were young, we had decided that we could never live in the West because we would miss the sea. "It is very nice here," we used to say politely when we visited people in the mountains, "but we miss the Atlantic." We used to look down our noses at people from Iowa and Colorado who had been denied this revelation, and we scorned the Pacific. Now I could hear the waves, whose heaviness sounded like a reverberation, like a tumult, and it pleased me as it had pleased me when I was young, and it seemed to have a purgative force, as if it had cleared my memory of, among other things, the penitential image of Ruth in the laundry.

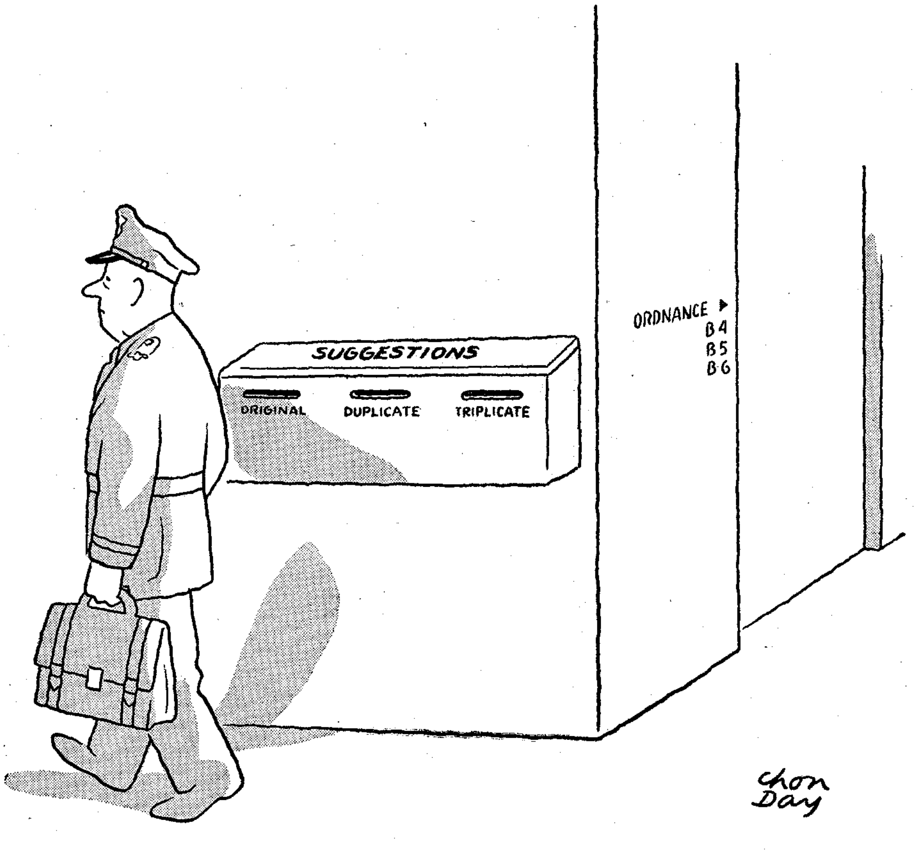
But Lawrence was on the beach. There he sat. I went in without speaking. The water was cold, and when I came out, I put on a shirt. I told him that I was going to walk up to Tanners Point, and he said that he would come with me. I tried to walk beside him. His legs are no longer than mine, but he always likes to stay a little ahead of his companion. Walking along behind him, looking at his bent head and his shoulders, I wondered what he could make of that landscape.

There were the dunes and cliffs and then, where they declined, there were some fields that had begun to turn from green to brown and yellow. The fields were used for pasturing sheep, and I guess Lawrence would have noticed that the soil was eroded and that the sheep would accelerate this decay. Beyond the fields there are a few coastal farms, with square and pleasant buildings, but Lawrence could have pointed out the hard lot of an island farmer. The sea, at our other side, was the open sea. We always tell guests that there, to the east, lies the coast of Portugal, and for Lawrence it would be an easy step from the coast of Portugal to the tyranny in Spain. The waves broke with a noise like a "hurrah, hurrah, hurrah," but to Lawrence they would say "*Vale, vale.*" I suppose it would have occurred to his baleful and incisive mind that the coast was terminal moraine, the edge of the prehistoric world, and it must have occurred to him that we walked along the edge of the known world in spirit as much as in fact. If he should otherwise have overlooked this, there were some Navy planes bombing an uninhabited island to remind him.

That beach is a vast and a preternaturally clean and simple landscape. It is like a piece of the moon. The surf had pounded the floor solid, so it was easy walking, and everything left on the sand had been twice changed by the waves. There was the spine of a shell, a broomstick, part of a bottle and part of a brick, both of them milled and broken until they were nearly unrecognizable, and I suppose Lawrence's sad frame of mind—for he kept his head down—went from one broken thing to another. The company of his pessimism began to infuriate me, and I caught up with him and put a hand on his shoulder. "It's only a summer day, Tifty," I said. "It's only a summer day. What's the matter? Don't you like it here?"

"I don't like it here," he said blandly, without raising his eyes. "I'm going to sell my equity in the house to Chaddy. I didn't expect to have a good time. The only reason I came back was to say goodbye."

I let him get ahead again and I walked behind him, looking at his shoulders and thinking of all the goodbyes he had made. When Father drowned, he went to church and said goodbye to Father. It was only three years later that he concluded that Mother was frivolous and said goodbye to her. In his freshman year at college, he had been very good friends with his roommate, but the man drank too much, and at the beginning of the spring term Lawrence changed roommates and said goodbye to his friend. When he had been in college for two years, he concluded that the atmosphere was too sequestered and he said goodbye to Yale. He enrolled at Columbia and got his law degree there, but he found his first employer dishonest, and at the end of six months he said goodbye to a good job. He married Ruth in City Hall and said goodbye to the Protestant Episcopal Church; they went to live on a back street in Tuckahoe and said goodbye to the middle class. In 1938, he went to Washington to work



as a government lawyer, saying goodbye to private enterprise, but after eight months in Washington he concluded that the Roosevelt administration was sentimental and he said goodbye to it. They left Washington for a suburb of Chicago, where he said goodbye to his neighbors, one by one, on counts of drunkenness, boorishness, and stupidity. He said goodbye to Chicago and went to Kansas; he said goodbye to Kansas and went to Cleveland. Now he had said goodbye to Cleveland and come East again, stopping at Laud's Head long enough to say goodbye to the sea.

It was elegiac and it was bigoted and narrow, it mistook circumspection for character, and I wanted to help him. "Come out of it," I said. "Come out of it, Tifty."

"Come out of what?"

"Come out of this gloominess. Come out of it. It's only a summer day. You're spoiling your own good time and you're spoiling everyone else's. We need a vacation, Tifty. I need one. I need to rest. We all do. And you've made everything tense and unpleasant. I only have two weeks in the year. Two weeks. I need to have a good time and so do all the others. We need to rest. You think that your pessimism is an advantage, but it's nothing but an unwillingness to grasp realities."

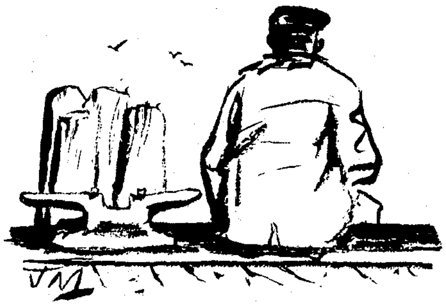
"What are the realities?" he said. "Diana is a foolish and a promiscuous woman. So is Odette. Mother is an alcoholic. If she doesn't discipline herself, she'll be in a hospital in a year or two. Chaddy is dishonest. He always has been. The house is going to fall into the sea." He looked at me and added, as an afterthought, "You're a fool."

"You're a gloomy son of a bitch," I said. "You're a gloomy son of a bitch."

"Get your fat face out of mine," he said. He walked along.

Then I picked up a root and, coming at his back—although I have never hit a man from the back before—I swung the root, heavy with sea water, behind me, and the momentum sped my arm and I gave him, my brother, a blow on the head that forced him to his knees on the sand, and I saw the blood come out and begin to darken his hair. Then I wished that he was dead, dead and about to be buried, not buried but about to be buried, because I did not want to be denied ceremony and decorum in putting him away, in putting him out of my consciousness, and I saw the rest of us—Chaddy and Mother and Diana and Helen—in mourning in the house on Belvedere Street that was torn down twenty years ago, greeting our guests and our relatives at the door and answering their mannerly condolences with mannerly grief. Nothing decorous was lacking, so that even if he had been murdered on a beach, one would feel before the tiresome ceremony ended that he had come into the winter of his life and that it was a law of nature, and a beautiful one, that Tifty should be buried in the cold, cold ground.

He was still on his knees. I looked up and down. No one had seen us. The naked beach, like a piece of the moon, reached to invisibility. The spill of a wave, in a glancing run, shot up to where he knelt. I would still have liked to end him, but now I had begun to act like two men, the murderer and the Samaritan. With a swift roar, like hollowness made sound, a white wave reached him and encircled him, boiling over his shoulders, and I held him against the undertow. Then I led him to a higher place. The blood had spread all through his hair, so that it looked black. I took off my shirt and tore it to bind up his head. He was conscious, and I didn't think he was badly hurt. He didn't speak. Neither did I. Then I left him there.



I walked a little way down the beach and turned to watch him, and I was thinking of my own skin then. He had got to his feet and he seemed steady. The daylight was still clear, but on the sea wind fumes of brine were blowing in like a light fog, and when I had walked a little way from him, I could hardly see his dark figure in this obscurity. All down the beach I could see the heavy salt air blowing in. Then I turned my back on him, and as I got near to the house, I went swimming again, as I seem to have done after every encounter with Lawrence that summer.

When I got back to the house, I lay down on the terrace. The others came back. I could hear Mother defaming the flower arrangements that had won prizes. None of ours had won anything. Then the house quieted, as it always does at that hour. The children went into the kitchen to get supper and the others went upstairs to bathe. Then I heard Chaddy making cocktails, and the conversation about the flower-show judges was resumed. Then Mother cried, "Tifty! Tifty! Oh, Tifty!"

THE EDGE OF DAY

The dawn's precise pronouncement waits
With breath of light indrawn,
Then forms with smoky, smut-red lips
The great O of the sun.

The moldering atoms of the dark
Blaze into morning air;
The birdlike stars droop down and die,
The starlike birds catch fire.

The thrush's tinder throat strikes up,
The sparrow chips hot sparks
From flinty tongue, and all the sky
Showers with electric larks.

And my huge eye a chaos is
Where molten worlds are born;
Where floats the eagle's flaming moon,
And crows, like clinkers, burn;

Where blackbirds scream with comet tails,
And flaring finches fall,
And starlings, aimed like meteors,
Bounce from the garden wall;

Where, from the edge of day, I spring
Alive for mortal flight,
Lit by the heart's exploding sun
Bursting from night to night.

—Laurie Lee

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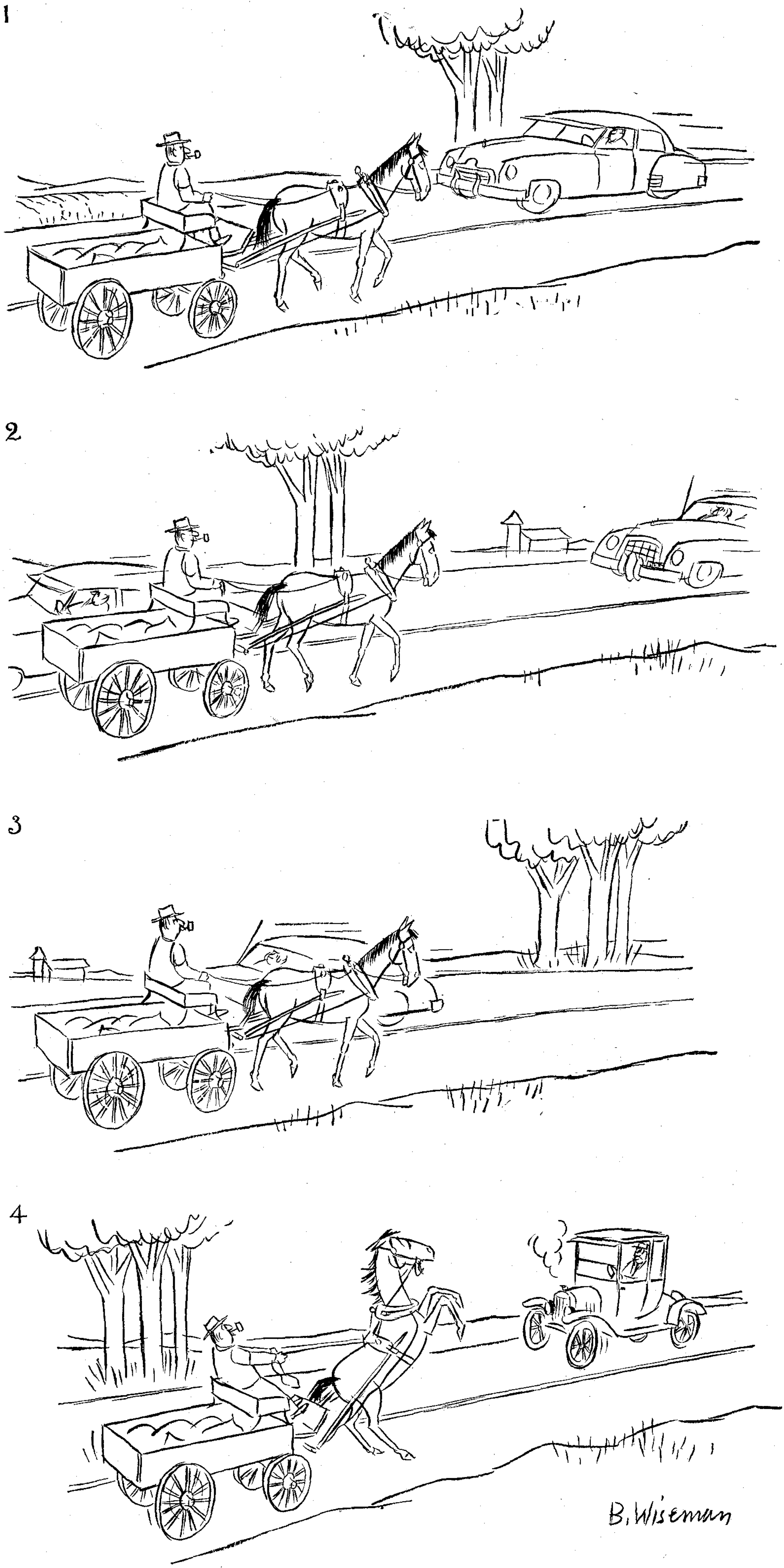
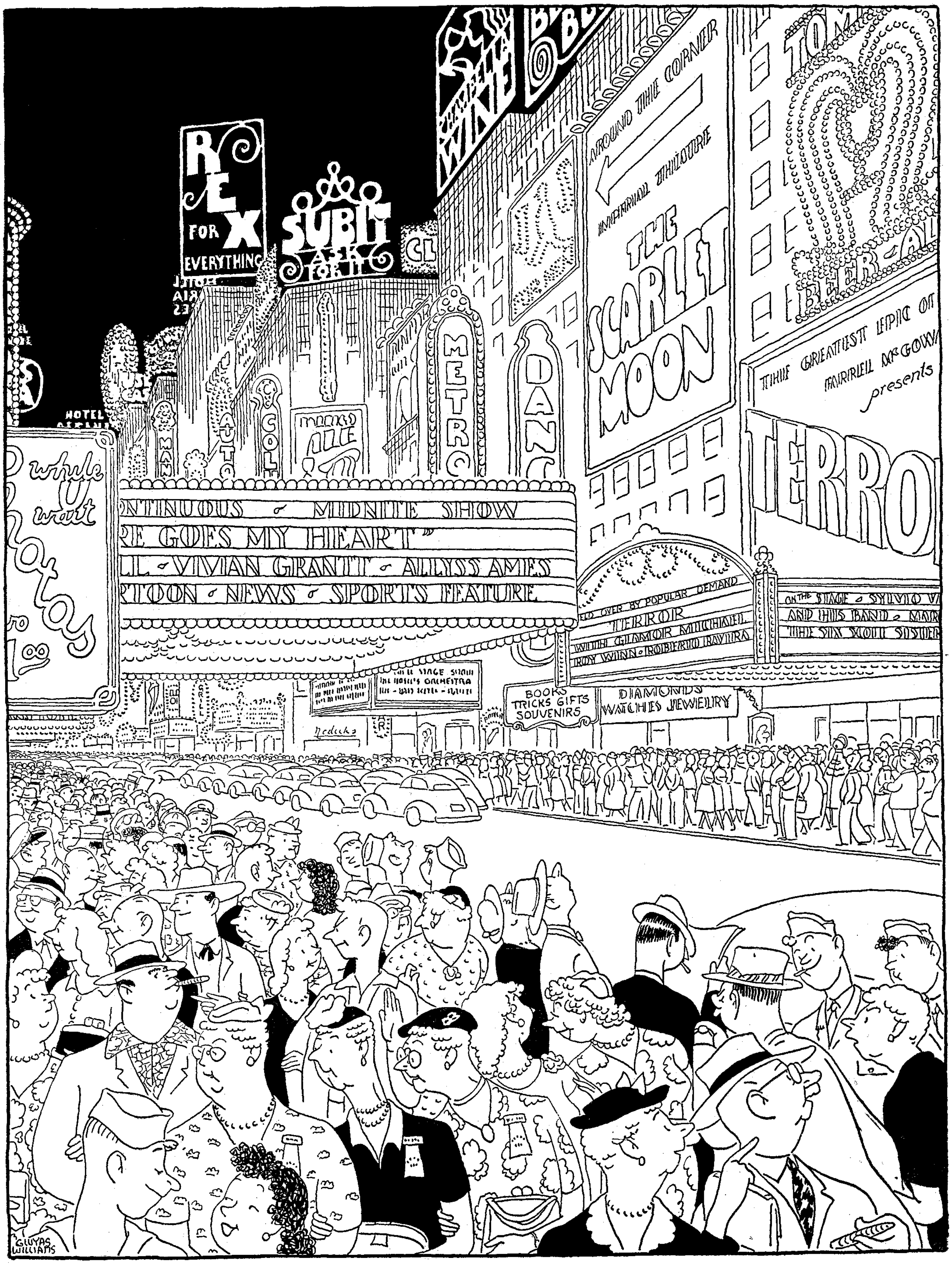
He stood in the door, looking half dead. He had taken off the bloody bandage and he held it in his hand. "My brother did this," he said. "My brother did it. He hit me with a stone—something—on the beach." His voice broke with self-pity. I thought he was going to cry. No one else spoke. "Where's Ruth?" he cried. "Where's Ruth? Where in hell is Ruth? I want her to start packing. I don't have any more time to waste here. I have important things to do. I have *important* things to do." And he went up the stairs.

THEY left for the mainland the next morning, taking the six-o'clock boat. Mother got up to say goodbye, but she was the only one, and it is a harsh and an easy scene to imagine—the matriarch and the changeling, looking at each other with a dismay that would seem like the powers of love reversed. I heard the children's voices and the car go down the drive, and I got up and went to the window, and what a morning that was! Jesus, what a morning! The wind was northerly. The air was clear. In the early heat, the roses in the garden smelled like strawberry jam. While I was dressing, I heard the boat whistle, first the warning signal and then the double blast, and I could see the good people on the top deck drinking coffee out of fragile paper cups, and Lawrence at the bow, saying to the sea, "*Thalassa, thalassa,*" while his timid and unhappy children watched the creation from the encirclement of their mother's arms. The buoys would toll mournfully for Lawrence, and while the grace of the light would make it an exertion not to throw out your arms and swear exultantly, Lawrence's eyes would trace the black sea as it fell astern; he would think of the bottom, dark and strange, where full fathom five our father lies.

Oh, what can you do with a man like that? What can you do? How can you dissuade his eye in a crowd from seeking out the cheek with acne, the infirm hand; how can you teach him to respond to the inestimable greatness of the race, the harsh surface beauty of life; how can you put his finger for him on the obdurate truths before which fear and horror are powerless? The sea that morning was iridescent and dark. My wife and my sister were swimming—Diana and Helen—and I saw their uncovered heads, black and gold in the dark water. I saw them come out and I saw that they were naked, unshy, beautiful, and full of grace, and I watched the naked women walk out of the sea.

—JOHN CHEEVER




REX FOR EVERYTHING
SUBLI ASK FOR IT
WINE
AROUND THE CORNER
IMPERIAL THEATRE
THE SCARLET MOON
THE GREATEST EPIC OF
FARRELL McGOW
presents
TERRO
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NTINUOUS • MIDNITE SHOW
RE GOES MY HEART"
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D OVER BY POPULAR DEMAND
TERROR
WITH GLAMOR MICHAEL
ROY WINN • ROBERTO RAYTRA
ON THE STAGE • SYLVIO V
AND HIS BAND • MAR
THE SIX SCOTT SISTER
BOOKS TRICKS GIFTS SOUVENIRS
DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELRY
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Broadway

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

MAN WITH A PIPE

I HAD only two male teachers before I entered Ohio State University, in the fall of 1913, one of them an amiable chemistry man named Gullum, who sympathized with my profound disinclination to make deadly bromine gas, even under a hood, in the high-school laboratory, and the other a professor of physics, Mr. Hambleton, who used to stare out a window while I was reciting, as if the flight of a sparrow or the swaying of a poplar bough were more relevant to his subject than anything I could possibly say. One day, in the physics class, I proudly announced my own system of computing the rate of acceleration of a falling object. Mr. Hambleton impatiently tried out the elaborate Thurber method on the blackboard a couple of times, chewed one end of his mustache when he saw that it worked, and then turned his bleak smile on me and said, "Young man, you would go from New York to Boston by way of Detroit." Some years after that, I told this story to Joe Taylor, at the end of one of his English classes at the university, and he said, "A straight line can also be the dullest distance between two points." I had met a little late, but not too late, a male teacher who was not a captive of old, inherited exactitudes, and who never laid down a formal rule for getting to Boston, or to Kew, or to Carcassonne, or anywhere else.

I saw Joe Taylor for the last time more than twenty years ago. I had come out of a restaurant on Fifth Avenue with a colleague of mine and I suddenly beheld Professor Taylor walking toward us hurriedly, with a distracted look on his face. We stopped and talked, and it came out that he had arrived in New York a week early for a meeting of the Woodberry Society. It was not his fault but that of the late John Erskine, secretary of the society, who had sent out the invitations and got the date wrong. I wanted him to have dinner with me, but he said he had to pack and take a train back to Columbus. He wasn't sure that he would be able to return for the meeting the following week, but we made a tentative date in case he did come back. When he left us, my colleague turned to me and said, "Who is that wonderful man?" He didn't come back, and three years later he died, in Columbus, at the age of sixty-four.

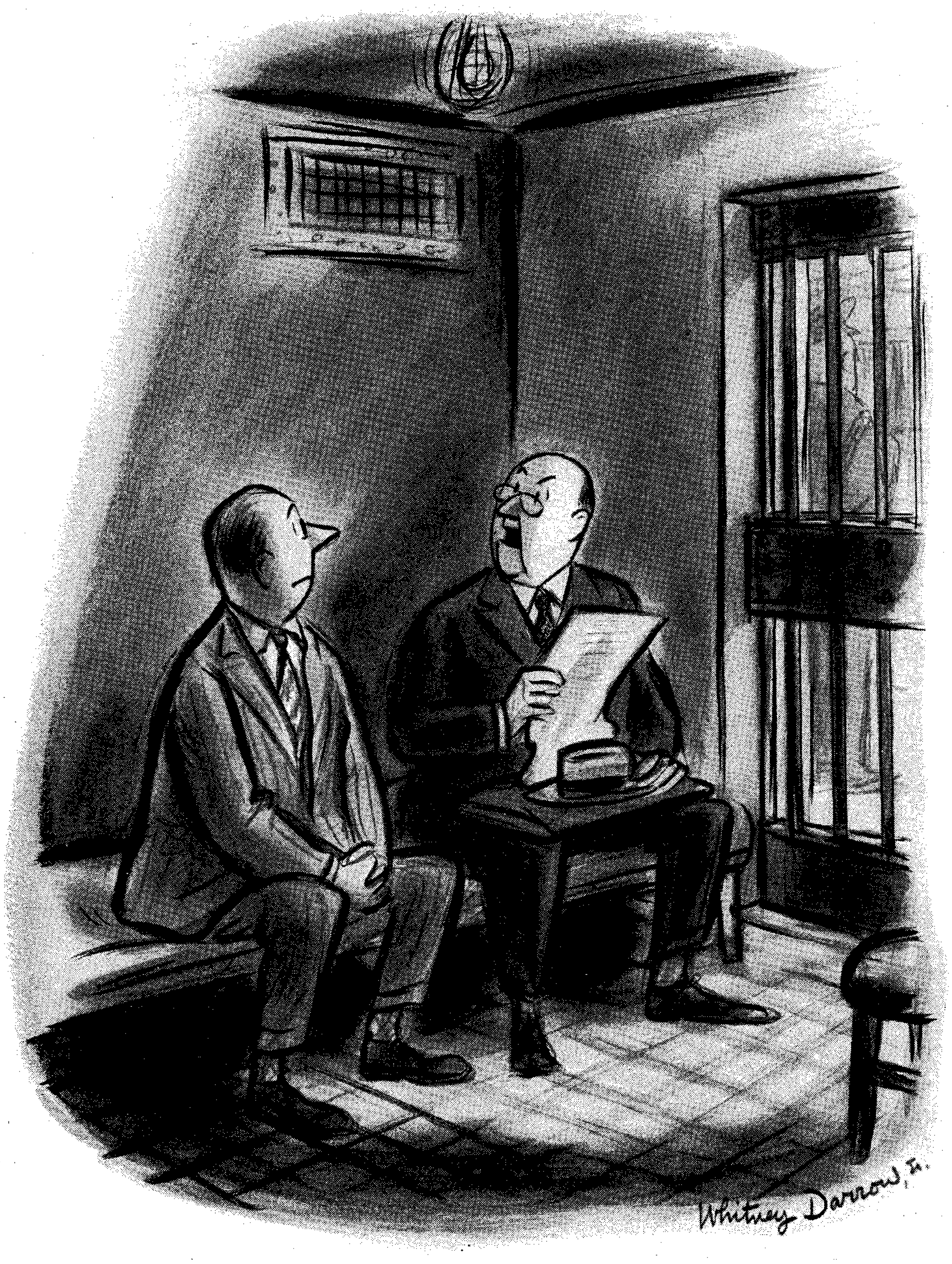
I WILL always remember my first view of Joseph Russell Taylor, in one of his English classes at Ohio State, more than thirty-five years ago. He was round of face and body, with yellow hair, pink cheeks, and fine blue eyes. He usually wore a brown suit, and he always brought to class the light of the enchanted artistic world he lived in, of whose wonders he once said, "It is possible that all things are beautiful." He was a poet and painter as well as a teacher, and he believed that the materials of art were in all the activities of men. His classes were popular from the beginning, and in the nineteen-twenties as many as a hundred and twenty-five men and women crowded into his lecture room. On the opening day of one of his classes in 1914, he began by saying to us, "I do not expect you to take notes in this class." Forty of the fifty young men and women present wrote that down in their brand-new notebooks with their brand-new fountain pens. Standing at the lectern, possibly lost in contemplating two of his favorite fictional heroines, Henry James's Mme. de Vionnet and George Meredith's Diana—for whom he had named his own daughter Diana—he seemed oblivious of the aimless scratching in the notebooks. I don't know what experiment he was trying that day, but it didn't work. He should have known that the things he had to say were always worth recording. Some of his former students, after thirty years and more, still have at hand the notes they took in his courses, including that one in 1914.

His influence was not confined to students who hoped to become writers or teachers of English. A dozen years before my day at the university, he had tolerated the occasional classroom inattention of a young man who was given to drawing, in his notebook, prize-fighters without faces, and other unique figures. The student was a Columbus boy named George Wesley Bellows, whose parents had been dismayed, rather than delighted, by their son's devotion to the idle practice of drawing pictures. Luckily for him, his professor not only was something of a painter himself but had taught drawing for several years before he became a teacher of English. Close students of Bellows' life have recognized Joe Taylor's lively and lasting interest in his young friend's talent, and most of them feel that without this encouragement the artist might never have become a professional. Joe Taylor was, for one thing, a friend of Robert Henri, Bellows' first influential teacher, and he seems to have brought the two men together. In the Gallery of Fine Arts in Columbus, there hung for a time an oil portrait of the sympathetic professor, sitting in a chair and holding a pipe in his hand, done by his former student nearly forty years ago. When its subject was first shown the finished study, he said, "That is a painting of Joseph Russell Taylor by a young artist, but it will one day be known as Bellows' 'Man with a Pipe.' " He was a great pipe man, and once asked me, after I began to write for a living, if I smoked one when I worked. I told him that I did, although I didn't, and it seemed to please him mightily, for some obscure reason. "Good!" he said with satisfaction.

It may be that he tried to discourage note-taking on that far-off morning because, at the time, his appraisals of some authors were undergoing continual mutations. "Don't quote me outside class," he told us more than once, "because my judgments are subject to change." One of his significant reversals of literary opinion, in my years at the University, involved the novels of Joseph Conrad. "Conrad is merely a spinner of yarns," he said one day, and then, some weeks later, "I have changed my mind about Conrad. He is Henry James in the waste places." I don't know for sure what contributed most to this critical shift, but it is likely that he had been impressed by the recently published "Victory," which many Conradians now consider the Master's finest work. It contained, in Lena of the far-away island, a lady highly suitable for Joe Taylor's gallery of beloved heroines. The fictional ladies of Thomas Hardy, on the other hand, never won his heart, but he later revised his early feeling that they were merely milkmaids in romances written for milkmaids.

Joe Taylor was a great feminist, and he liked Meredith for giving his women characters of equal stature with his men, and Henry James for his high and subtle development of the ladies in his novels. He was always referring to or quoting from Wordsworth's tribute to the "perfect woman, nobly planned; to warn, to comfort, and command." He used to write on the blackboard—not always in poetry class, either, because his lectures unconventionally overlapped—the years in which Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning had done their best work, and contend that their true excellence had flowered during their marriage and might otherwise have languished.

Every now and then, he would stray from the subject in hand, abandon his notes, and discuss what was uppermost in his mind, or fresh in the news, or going on around the campus. One day, he announced that Theda Bara, then at the height of her vampish fame, would have no effect upon him, emotionally or artistically, if she should bang into his presence with her great eyes bulging and her dark hair in exaggerated disarray. "You can't get passion into a story with exclamation points," he said. Sometimes he would bring a cheap novel to class and show how its hasty and careless author was trying to palm off "italics" for genuine emotion. "General Stonebridge was a man of iron," one of these novels began, and Professor Taylor then quoted some of the staunch fellow's vapid conversation and said, "A character of iron does not speak in words of tinfoil."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'm convinced we'd have 'em hands down on an appeal, but unfortunately your peculations weren't substantial enough to finance one."

Ludwig Lewisohn, who in my time was teaching German and German literature at Ohio State, was disappointed to find no "vicious faces" on the campus. Joe Taylor, however, was interested not in a search for depravity but in finding signs of spiritual increase and of fine sensibility in the world about him, and he never gave up the wistful hope of instructing the unvicious in the literature of living. Perceptive and congenial young minds can scarcely be said to have flourished like wild flowers in that time and region, but the good professor did his best. "I know that some of you restless young men are eager to get on to classes that teach you how to make a living," he said once, taking out his watch and laying it on the lectern. "It is now only ten minutes till economics, or chemistry, or engineering." Many a restless male student gave fresh attention to this kind of talk. They listened when he said that the word "beauty" could not be applied to campus cuties, because beauty in a woman cannot be purchased with the scant coin of twenty-one years of life. With local references like this, he deftly led the anti-literature boys and girls in and out of Meredith and James, quoting the former's "My heart is not made of the stuff that breaks" and the latter's "When she touches a thing the ugliness, God knows how, goes out of it" in support of his fond thesis that beauty in a woman is a product of maturity. If the interest of the male students began to wane, he might talk about Chic Harley, the great Ohio State halfback of the period, pointing out that Harley's graceful running with a football brought true beauty of line and motion to a game that had been, only a few years before, a turgid struggle of monolithic masses. If Theda Bara didn't snap the boys out of daydream or apathy, Chic Harley invariably did. Once, Joe Taylor fascinated his young listeners by comparing Charles Dickens to the late Billy Ireland, who was then cartoonist for the Columbus *Evening Dispatch*, and one of the best in the country. Dickens was to Joe Taylor—at least at that moment—only a greatly gifted caricaturist.

Professor Taylor went to all the football, baseball, and basketball games, and I had the good luck to have a seat near his in Ohio Field the exciting day in 1920 when our team defeated Wisconsin by virtue of a fifty-yard forward pass from Workman to Stinchcomb, thrown just a second before the gun ending the game was fired. In the bedlam that instantly struck the stands like a hurricane, I caught sight of Mr. Taylor yelling at the top of his voice and slapping a strange

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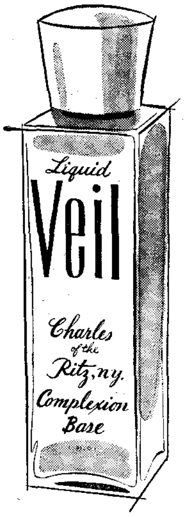
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IN ALL FRANKLIN SIMON STORES

man in front of him with his hat, time and again. He knew which of his students were varsity athletes, whether in football, baseball, basketball, or track, and many of them, including an old track man named Tracy Pittenger, remember him with special fondness. "My track career came to a sudden end out at Champaign, Illinois, when I was running at the Illinois Relay Carnival in March of 1922," Pittenger wrote recently. "I broke my leg, and along with it my heart. The following week, after I had my leg set in a cast and was hobbling from one class to another, I was about to pass Joe Taylor, going in the opposite direction. There was a moment of hesitation as we came almost face to face. I saw in his face, in just a split second, a look of complete understanding, and there were also two little tears (one in his eye and one in mine). What he did then will stand out forever in my memory. He lifted his hat and passed on his way. I will always be grateful that he didn't stop and tell me he was sorry, because what that little gesture told me was more than any words could have told. Especially when the gesture was performed by a man who never should have been required to remove his hat to any man."

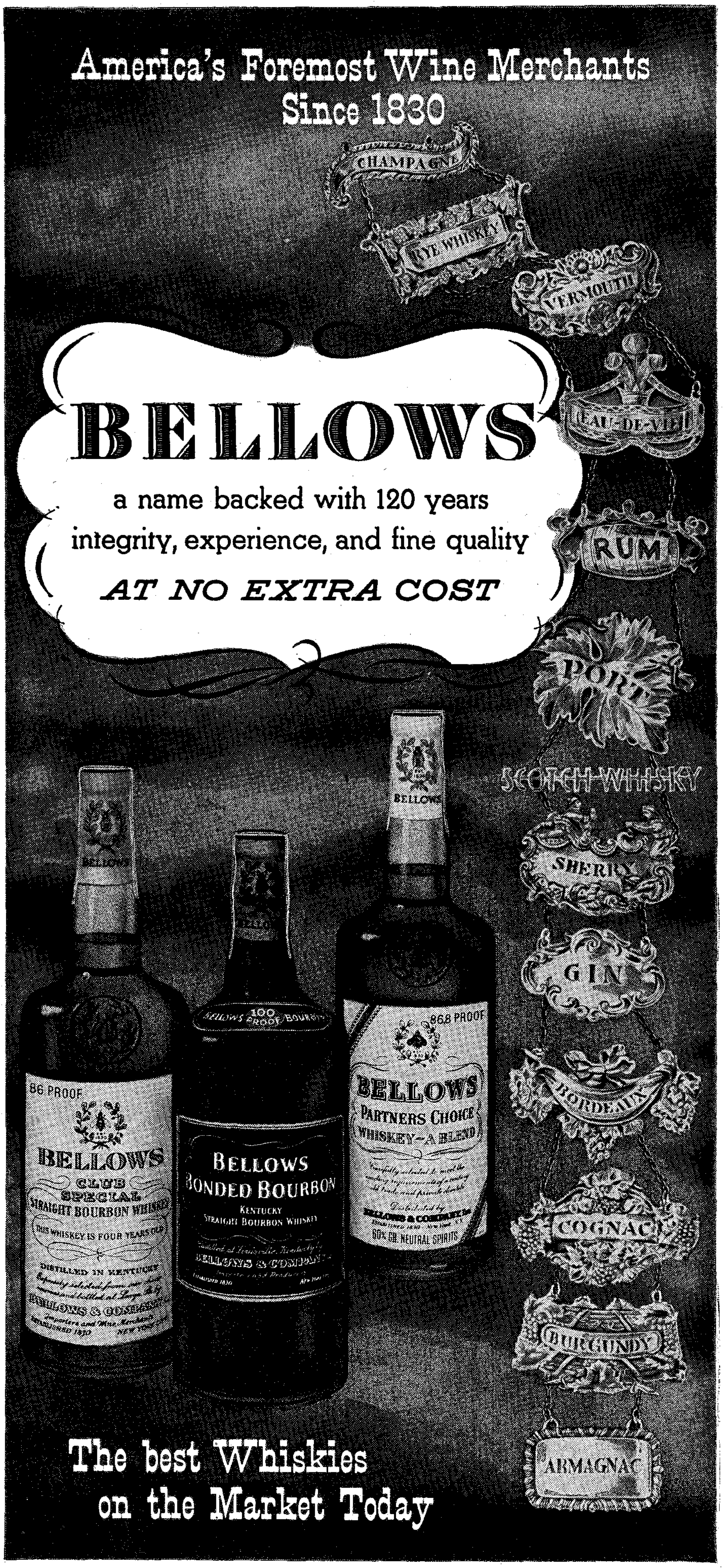
The Pittenger story was written for a detailed history of Ohio State athletes and athletics, now in preparation at the university, where intercollegiate sports are rated of enormous importance. I can easily believe that Joe Taylor raised his hat to Pittenger that day—after all, A. E. Housman, one of Joe's idols, also had a warm and rueful affection for lightfoot lads—but I very much doubt the reality of the tear in his eye. Joe Taylor's eye was not made of the stuff that weeps easily. He had too much temper and toughness of spirit for the sentimental, and a fine way of getting mad, rather than merely sorry, when things went wrong. One day in 1917, I happened to look out a window of the Ohio Union Building and I saw my favorite professor practicing on a putting green about thirty yards away. He kept missing the cup by a wide margin, but he finally sent the ball to within a few inches of the hole. He went back several yards to try again, and I could see his confidence in his step and in the set of his shoulders. His next attempt was the worst of all, the ball swerving a good three feet to the left of its objective. Joe began to pound his putter on the ground, and then he walked to a tree and banged it six or eight times against the trunk. He then went back and kicked the ball, picked it up, and stalked away. Not long after this, incidentally, a young man named Robert Tyre Jones put on an identical tantrum at the Merion Cricket Club, outside Philadelphia, but he went on to the greatest glory in the history of the game. Joe Taylor, I must report, never got very much better at golf, but he was an excellent swimmer and played a good, dogged game of tennis.

Joseph Russell Taylor, born in Circleville in 1868, was so deeply attached to Ohio that no offer of fortune could have lured him away. He had no desire to win public renown, like Billy Phelps, of Yale, or Copey, of Harvard, and he was not flattered when his students began to call him Joey, in a mistaken attempt to institutionalize him. His ideal teacher, and one of the strongest influences in his life, was the late George Woodberry, in whose celebrated English-literature classes at Columbia in the nineties young Taylor had sat enchanted. (Joe had entered Ohio State when he was only fifteen, and so he was still a youngster when he graduated.) Woodberry was not only a great teacher; he was also a poet, and he was interested in the athletes as well as the young literati who flocked to his classes. It was not easy to trace the Woodberry influence in the Taylor lectures. It showed up more in his profound and stubborn belief that he was, like Woodberry, first of all a poet. As a young man, he kept sending his verses to *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Chap-Book*, and sold a number of them. He later wrote three or four long poems, but these were all privately printed.

He went to Europe twice, to visit places that made his heart leap up: the Nether Stowey of Coleridge, and Shelley's Tremadoc—where he had the luck one morning to hear a skylark singing—and, best of all, Tintagel, on the rocky coast of Cornwall, where the legendary ruins of King Mark's Castle stand, and Tarascon, in Provence. Of Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon," he once wrote, "It is, in my judgment, France's greatest contribution to literature in the nineteenth century." Tintagel was, for him, even more hallowed ground, because it was associated with Tristram, whose "I come from Lyonesse and a gentleman am I" he often quoted, in a dozen unexpected contexts of his own. He spent many years working, at night and in odd hours, on a monumental essay about Tristram, which I was privileged to read after his death. It ran to nearly half a million words, and was lighted and adorned by his own extensions and permutations of the great legends. He didn't believe that the poets, from Matthew Arnold to Edwin Arlington Robinson, had done full justice to the romantic figure of Sir Tristram, and he held that Wagner had made of him nothing more than a tenor. I can still hear Professor Taylor telling his classes that Tristram's lady, Iseult, was, beyond peradventure of doubt, a redhead. You didn't have to agree with him about this, or about anything else, and if, in written examinations, you set down judgments exactly opposed to his, it made no difference in your grades, as long as your points were sincerely argued.

He came back eagerly to Ohio from New York, or from Europe, for he was always, be sure (as he might have put it), a wandering and not too comfortable Ohioan wherever he went, forever remembering home. Since his dearest literary shrines and settings were so far away, his deep affection for his native state seemed to me at first a wonder unmixed (to use another of his phrases), but I came to realize that he had the true devotion of the poet to his own region, like Wordsworth's to the Lake Country of England, or Burns' to Scotland. Joe Taylor's notebooks and diaries show that he had roamed all over Ohio, painting streams and meadows, silver birches and scarlet oaks, and spotting birds by their songs and colors. On one weekend of rambling, he identified a hundred and seventy-five different birds, and he would not have exchanged the upland plover or the hermit thrush of the Middle West for Shelley's skylark, or the nightingale whose autumnal song he once heard in the Boboli Garden, in Florence. He was familiar with Ohio's wild flora, from the fungus known as fairy ring to the purple-fringed orchis, and his home was bright in season with the flowers he collected in the woods and fields. His children remember his coming home at dusk one day bringing their mother a bouquet of bloodroot and anemones, around which he had neatly wrapped a damp handkerchief to keep it fresh.

WHEN Joseph Russell Taylor was forty-one, Henry Holt published "Composition in Narration," his only textbook (if you could call it that)—a small volume of lyric essays on the art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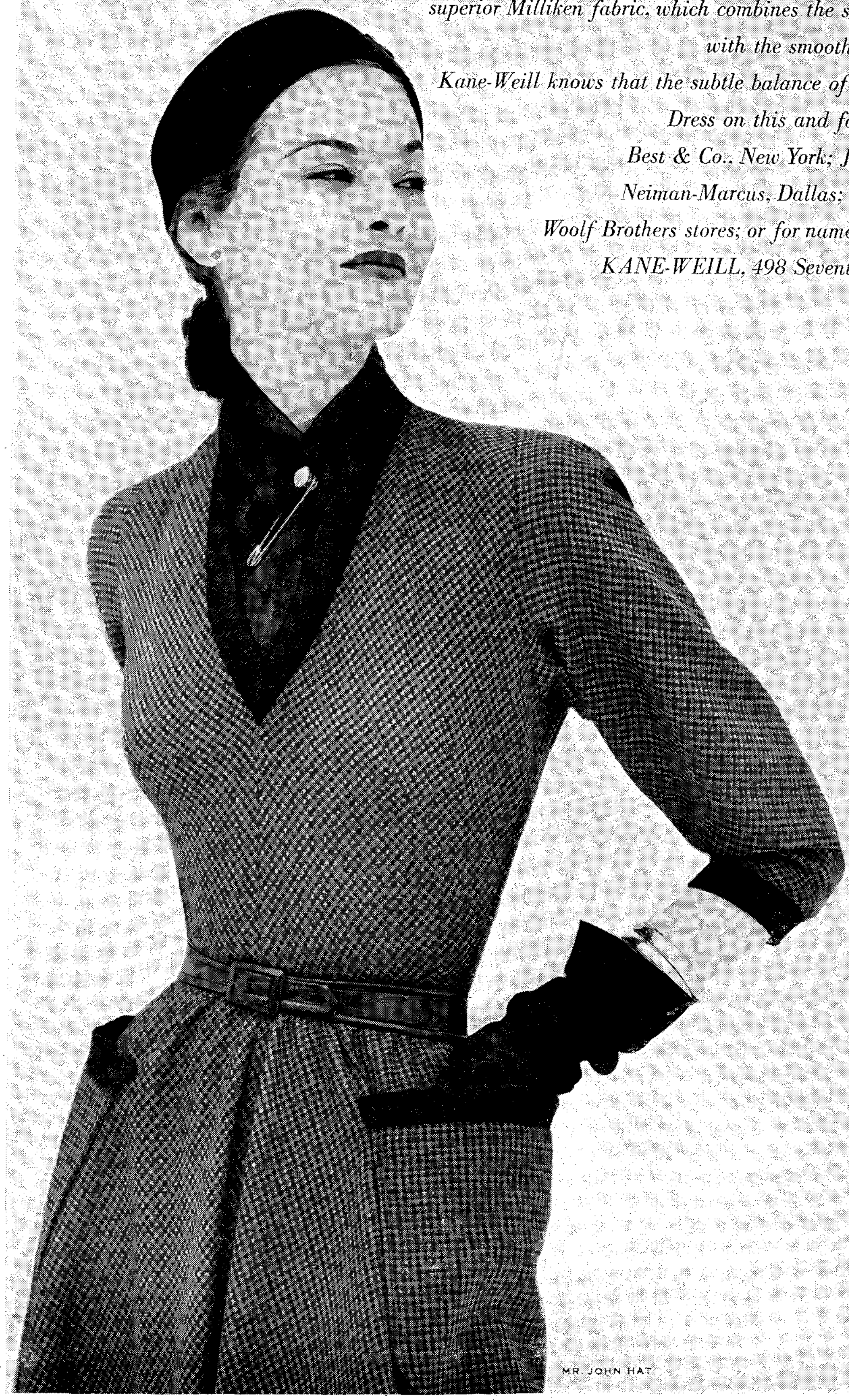

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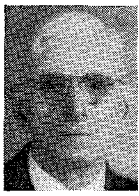
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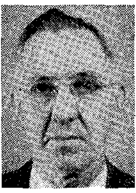
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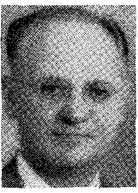
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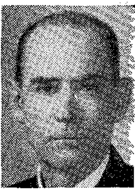
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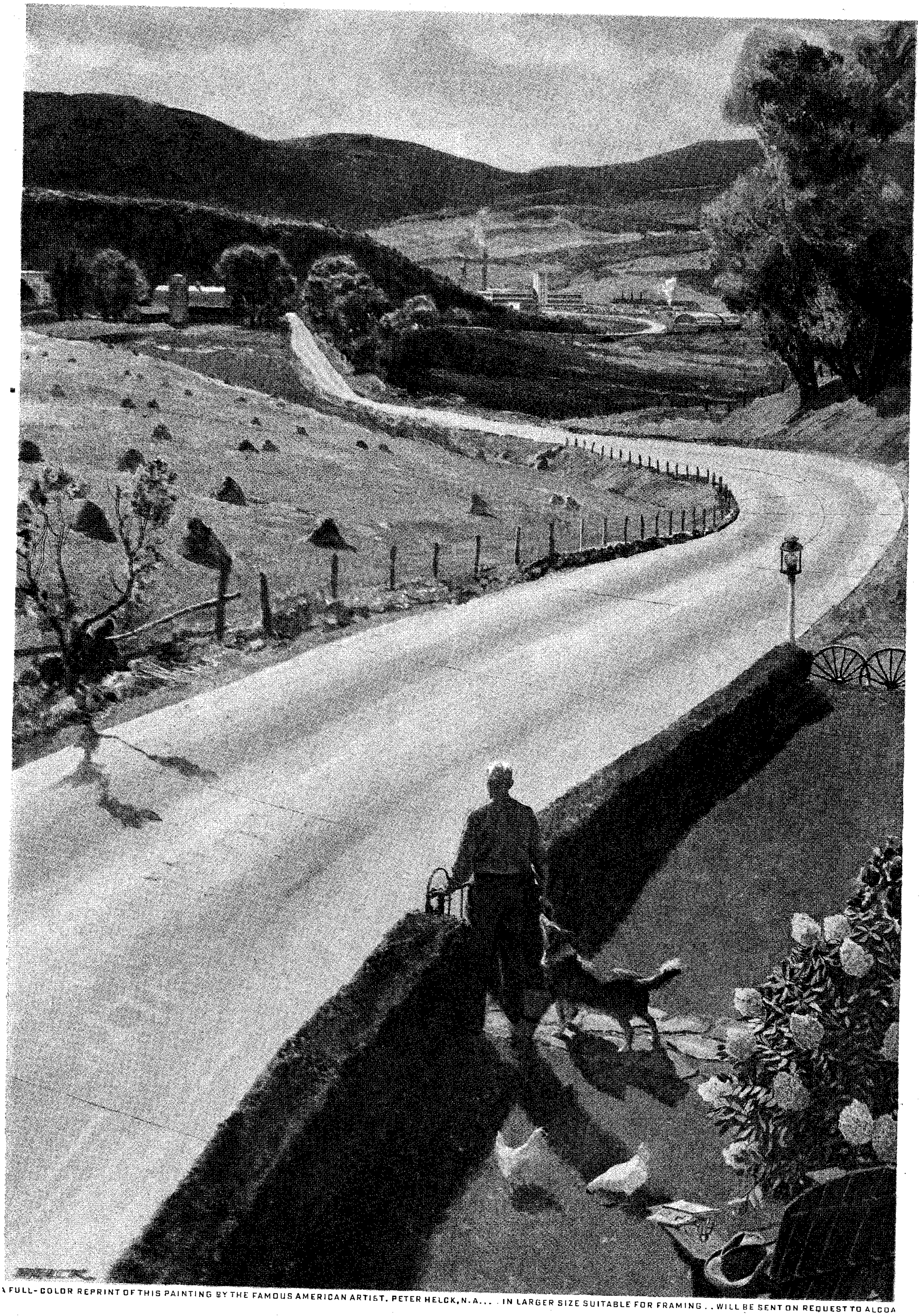

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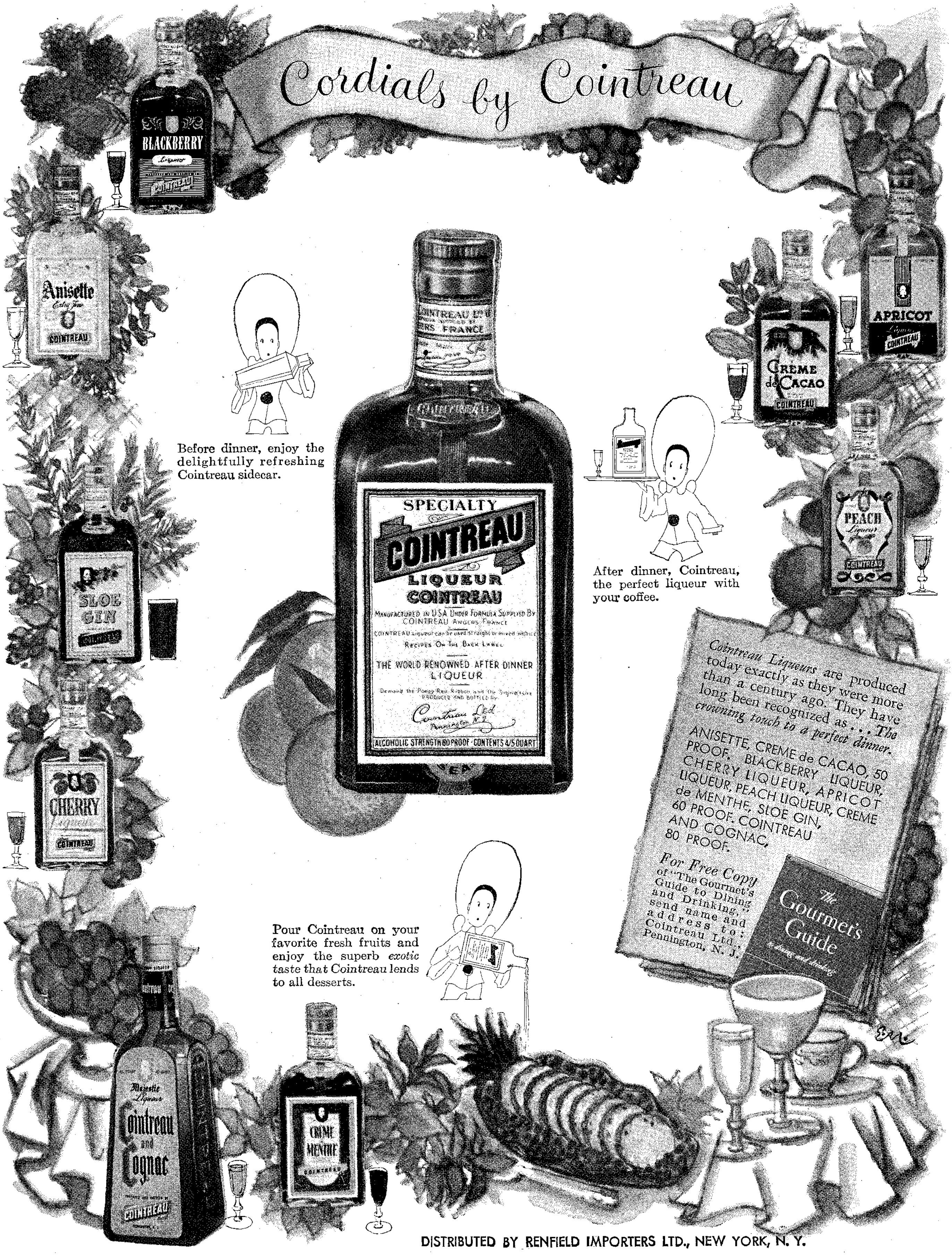
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of writing, whose serenity has survived like a flower in a book. It came out in 1909, a year remembered by most men as the year Blériot flew over the English Channel. To Joe Taylor, it was the year Meredith and Swinburne died. The book was written so long ago that it is filled with quiet, old-fashioned scenes: a gentleman calling on a lady and presenting his card at the door; beaux taking their belles to dancing parties in sleighs or horse cabs; a balloon dreamily drifting over central Ohio in the race that started during the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904. "There were voices of children on the quiet air, and there was the good smell of the fires of autumn leaves; things of immemorial familiarity; and on the south of the evening passed what a voyager, a portent, the first sail on a new sea, the angel of tomorrow!"

Joe Taylor's book darts and wanders, intensely or at a leisurely pace, down the hundred pathways of his agile thought, but his poetic prose is carefully disciplined. "Art is revision," he wrote, and he must have lit his pipe a thousand times in rewriting his chapters. He brought impulsive feeling, rather than cold mental analysis, to everything he touched—he goes so far as to call intellect "the conventional part of imagining"—but he had the good writer's dissatisfaction with imperfect statement, and the book shows his constant wariness of certainties. "The only taste that is false is that which does not change," he wrote.

As a textbook, "Composition in Narration" must have puzzled professors looking for conventional rules and familiar rituals. It begins, "There are really only two kinds of writing: artistic, which is narration, and scientific, which is argument," and then starts off on a Taylor-guided tour of a hundred subjects: The author quotes from personal letters; talks about his father, who gave up teaching to become a minister; explores the difference between literal fact and literary truth; discusses painting and music; skillfully takes apart one of his own moods; describes a spectacular fire in Columbus, and the effect a small replica of the Venus de Milo had on him when he spent what must have been hours turning it slowly around in different lights. In the book's last section, called "References," he talks about authors he liked at the time: Henry James, above all and at greatest length; de Maupassant; Daudet; Stevenson; Anthony Hope, for his "The Dolly Dialogues;" and, finally, "Mr. Wister." Joe must have loved "The Virginian," because the Far West always appealed to him; one of his long poems, called "Thirty Ponies," was about a tribe of Western Indians. There is also this note in "References," which I can't get out of my mind and probably never will: "It is almost true also that the most perfect Stevenson story was not written by him, but by Mrs. Stevenson; 'The Nixie,' the story remains still, as far as I know, buried in a magazine of the 'Eighties." That wonderful "almost true" is pure Joseph Russell Taylor, copyright 1909. It has given me a lovely case of the nixies.

IN spite of a critical taste that changed like the weather, Joe Taylor had his immutable convictions: that nothing genuine need fear the test of laughter (he thought the comic aspects of wearing a scarlet letter could have been exploited by Hawthorne); that youth cannot hold a candle to maturity (he was never entranced by Keats' celebration of young, or trivial, love forever imprisoned in shallow April); and that there is nothing prose can do that poetry can't do better. Since James's novel "The Ambassadors" seemed perfect to him, he actually persuaded himself that it was essentially poetry. (His contention that its dialogue was the very spit and idiom of its time was even more startling.) He also believed, all his life, that "the artist is the normal man," a cryptic judgment that none of his students who went on to write or teach has ever been able to follow very far without getting lost. In his later years, he kept assuring his classes that poetry should not be read aloud, and this I think I can perhaps explain. In my day, he used to read poetry aloud, with a peculiar and disconcerting lift of inflection on the last syllable in every line. Some of his students took to imitating this curious mannerism out of class. He never did get the hang of reading verse easily and effectively, and he must have come to the conclusion that it couldn't be done.

He firmly believed, from his twenties into his sixties, that politics is an impermanent factor of life and has no valid place in art or literature. "Such things as how we meet love, life, and death, and people are the permanent things," he told his students. He said that Shelley was not a true poet, because he was a rebel; apparently you can't be both. In 1917, he said, "The Germans cannot win the war, because they are wrong," and he let it go at that. Communism was wrong, too, and therefore couldn't win: "Improve-

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ment cannot be brought about by any Bolshevist revolution, or socialistic redistribution of property. We are not so desirous of an earthly paradise as to approve revolutionary and violent means of attaining it. What we want is simply the privilege of going on—not perfection but the privilege of striving." Politics, to be sure, did not include patriotism. Joe Taylor was one of the most patriotic Americans I have ever known. He never forgave Henry James for becoming a British subject, and in the preface to a long, unpublished essay that, for his private satisfaction and amusement, he called "Taylor on James," he held that the novelist could not get rid of his Americanism merely by changing countries. He predicted in 1912 that James would come back to his own land, and he must have been gratified when he found out later that the book the Master was working on when he died dealt with Americans in America, after a long series of novels about Americans in Europe.

For the reassurance and guidance of any militant Ohio State trustee who might figure that a man who had rejected politics must have been a dangerous fellow, I reprint, from "Composition in Narration," Joe Taylor's warm tribute to his country.

> How should you answer if I should ask you, What is the Nation? Where is it? Show it to me. Does it look like the statue in New York Harbor? Is it the fleet that recently went round the world, with peaceful guns and with dancing on the decks? Is it the flag, is it the capitol, has it the President's many-caricatured countenance? Where and what is the Nation? Is there such a thing? You would answer that the Nation exists only in the minds and hearts of men. It is an idea. It is therefore more real than its courts and armies; more real than its cities, its railroads, its mines, its cattle; more real than you and I are, for it existed in our fathers, and will exist in our children. It is an idea, it is an imagination, it is a spirit, it is human art. Who will deny that the Nation lives?

He seems to have held himself aloof from campus politics and scandals during his more than forty years at Ohio State, but in 1929 a grotesque tragedy reached out and touched him. A professor of veterinary medicine named James H. Snook murdered a university coed, and after his execution university authorities decreed that the top half of every office door in all campus buildings should be made of transparent glass. Joe Taylor was sixty-one at the time, and it had been his custom, after his final class, to lie down and rest in his office before going home. The Snook door, which made a goldfish bowl of his privacy in the English building, put an end to these periods of rest and had a disturbing physical and emotional effect on him, which he found hard to shake off. Two years later, he was sitting in his parked automobile on the campus when it was struck and knocked over on its side by a bus filled with agricultural students. He never fully recovered from the effects of this accident, and in 1933 he died, of complications, a few months before his sixty-fifth birthday. In his last year, he had painted dozens of water colors of his beloved Ohio landscape, and he must have written poetry, too, since it was such an important part of his life. I doubt whether he found any joy in the American novels of the nineteen-twenties, except, of course, those of that normal artist, Miss Willa Cather. His delight in James and Meredith never declined and he kept going back to them at the end, and, you may be sure, to Wordsworth's immortal "She Was a Phantom of Delight." His friends thought of him as one of the permanent things of life, and when we heard that he was dead, the light of that day diminished.

—JAMES THURBER

• •

PLANE GEOMETER

A water strider skates upon the brook
Toward micro-landfalls shimmery with sun.
Boulders cleave the current, but his nook
Is eddyless, a shallow-shady one.

His water-window lights the channelled chamber,
Sandy at bottom, laced with feeler roots;
A little squaretail trout, congealed in amber,
Deflects the shadow-bullets that he shoots.

Perpetual saucers sliding under feet,
From point to point his motor impulse seems,
By aberration of the drowsy heat,
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—DAVID McCORD

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The News Syndicate Co. Inc. (Daily & Sunday News)	Direct
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Republic Kings Corporation (Appliances)	Marks-Whitehill, Inc.
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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 15

THE fag end of summer here is being darkened by some cheerless weather and news. The freak storms that have been rampaging across Europe have bashed the English countryside—so phenomenally flowery this year that the roses seemed to strangle whole villages in yards and yards of pink and crimson frilling—and knocked down the wheat that was standing golden for cutting, and looking good in spite of the farmers' earlier gloom. Electrical disturbances produced some beautiful, uncanny cloud effects over London and, less enjoyably, soaked millions of citizens to the skin as they skittered for home after the August Bank Holiday, the great summer exodus.

Parliament not long ago dispersed for its badly needed recess, packing away in its suitcases, as a reminder of squally political weather to come in the autumn session, the Government's recent grave statements on Britain's economic position, which has worsened, and on the coal situation, which is apparently as bad as it has always been. The atmosphere of crisis, which most Britons hoped to goodness they had struggled out of at last, seems to be thickening up again, and this is a shock to many. Two of the new difficulties are the sharp jump in import prices for a country that must import more than half of what it puts in its citizens' stomachs and four-fifths of what it puts in its industries' machines, and the drop in the world prices of the Far Eastern commodities that have been earning Britain dollars. It is a fine moment, of course, for the Aneurin Bevan group to step forth and argue that all this is only a confirmation of what it has been shouting all along—that Britain's rearmament program makes the rest of the domestic load too heavy to carry. The powerful Federation of British Industries has just issued a long statement in which it lists its own simple explanations (though many of the workers may prefer the Bevan simplifications) of the country's once more worrying financial position. These are that Britain is still producing too little and consuming too much, that industry has done wonders since the war but cannot do more without "incentives and flexibility," that a cut in the Government's home spending, apart from defense, might help the mass of the people to sew up their own purses, and that coal—and the nationalized coal industry's failure to get enough of the precious stuff—is the glittering black root of all the evils now bedevilling Britain.

The Federation's unusually strong blast is the latest disapproving reaction to the proposals lately put forward by Mr. Gaitskell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for coping with the economic situation. In April, Mr. Gaitskell was hailed as the Government's bright boy when he produced a budget that all parties (bar Bevan and his friends) found mostly fair and sensible. The bulk of the press comment on his current performance amounted to a smart lambasting. His chief proposal—the freezing of dividends for three years—sent shares in the City into a nose dive and, though ostensibly aimed at the wicked rich, was a cruel blow to the thousands of small investors who have been trying to paddle along on modest fixed incomes. Since the control of dividends will not do much to lash down inflation by anybody's count, including the Chancellor's, the move is generally seen as a bit of candid preëlection politics, intended to please the trade-union leaders, who now have something to brandish in the face of new wage demands by the rank and file, and to cut some ground from under the feet of the Bevan Left Wing. Dividend limitation was one of the things the recent Bevan publication "One Way Only" came out for, but, to judge by the annoyed sounds issuing from that quarter, it's a victory they would have preferred to have gained for themselves on the battleground of October's Labour Party conference at Scarborough. Apart from the dividend freeze, Gaitskell produced little beyond the old Crippsian formula of dollar-import cuts (not specified), stiffer price controls, and exhortations to work harder and spend less, which gave lots of people the bleak feeling that they'd been here before—back in the 1949 pre-devaluation crisis, to be exact.

What is more, Britons are nervously peering ahead to winter, when, they suspect, they may be frozen along with the dividends. The first warning note was sounded the other day with the announcement that all boiler fuels hitherto uncontrolled would be rationed to a total of thirty hundredweight per household between now and the end of next April. What the bad coal situation adds up to is the same old story: industry's furnaces and ordinary citizens' grates, plus exports (even though they're sadly diminishing exports), are burning the stuff up far faster than it can be got out of England's earth, which is ironically so rich in it. The National Coal Board has apparently not yet figured out a way to make mining attractive to new labor. The number of recruits has not kept up the cheerful increase it showed earlier this year. More Italian workers are about to be brought in; more American coal, it is expected, will have to be imported if the winter turns out half as nasty as it promises to be from even this languorous summer distance.

All in all, the Government's policy of coasting along in office as long as possible may not be working out so well. Most Britons seem to believe that the general election (which is set for a new date two or three times a week by everyone except the interested parties, who keep mum) cannot be postponed past the early autumn, and the latest Gallup Poll shows that Labour has declined in public favor again. The Conservatives, who have also kept surprisingly mum in the recent crisis, are about to bring out a new Party policy statement. Their supporters think it had better be good.

"THE WINTER'S TALE," which the remarkable young Peter Brook is putting on at the Phoenix, and in which John Gielgud is appearing, is leaving London later this month, like any vacationist, for the Edinburgh Festival but will be back in September. Anybody who is coming over should not miss it. Gielgud, who seems to have added warmth to his list of talents, even succeeds in making Leontes, the most irritating husband in all drama, understandable, if not lovable, and is always a delight to the ear. Diana Wynyard plays the wronged Hermione, and Flora Robson the sharp-tongued Paulina, and both ladies are superb. Christopher Fry, surprisingly, composed the special music, which is pretty. Incidentally, the Tate Gallery has just put on a loan exhibition of the unique collection of theatrical paintings owned by the Garrick Club, and it's fascinating to compare the Garricks and Baddeleys of other centuries of British acting with the Gielguds and Oliviers of this one. In these pictures, the eighteenth-century artists look considerably older than any of today's would admit to being, in or out of greasepaint. One of the fine Zoffanys shows a stout, comfortable Hamlet, who might be Mr. Vincent Crummles in the too, too solid flesh. Another Zof-

Jane Engel

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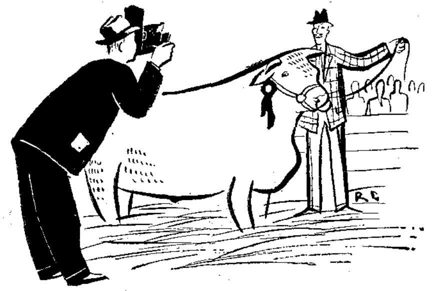
fany shows Garrick as a strange Macbeth in powder and a laced coat, and an enormous actress called Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth, tearing into her part in modish hooped brocades. The exhibition also includes two versions of Henry Irving—as a dreary, impossibly beautiful archangel by Millais, and more impish in a delicious Max Beerbohm water color.

BRIGHTON, the Londoner's favorite bit of seaside and a town that was virtually the creation of the Prince Regent, who built his fantastic Royal Pavilion there, is having a special Regency Festival as the central attraction of its Festival of Britain goings on. The events have included a Regency Ball at the Corn Exchange, a Regency cricket match, played in costume, and the world première of Cecil Beaton's first play, "The Gainsborough Girls," which has to do with the painter's domestic life. It got only fair notices, but Beaton's sets and furbelows made it look as charming as one of his photographs. The big treat, though, to which crowds of visitors are flocking from all over, is the magnificent Regency exhibition in the Royal Pavilion itself. For this occasion, the main apartments have been redecorated (several with the original wallpapers, among them a particularly lovely yellow Chinese one that was found stowed away in the coal cellars, where Victorian taste had banished it) and furnished in their old splendor with fine Regency pieces, some of them made for this setting and lent by Buckingham Palace. The most stunning showpiece, which makes the throngs stand rooted and gasping, is the banqueting room, by John Nash. The ceiling is a dome of gilded banana leaves lit by lotus-flower-and-dragon chandeliers, and beneath it a long table blazes with gold plate laid for twenty-four guests. One of the enchanting drawing rooms is fitted out with the famous Dolphin furniture, presented to Greenwich Hospital in 1813 in memory of Lord Nelson by, appropriately enough, a Mrs. John Fish—an incredible display of the cabinetmakers' craft, incorporating gilded dolphins, sphinxes, and other exotic period fauna. Among the Brightoniana



upstairs is a mural by Rex Whistler, who painted it on the wall of a house in Brighton where he was billeted during the Second World War, in which he was later killed. The wall was prized away intact. The mural depicts, in the classical vein, a portly Prince Regent, nude except for an elegant blue ribbon of the Garter and a wisp of rosy gauze, kneeling to awaken the sleeping Spirit of Brighthelmston (the name of the original fishing village), who is a beguiling nymph without a ribbon of any kind. The exhibition is attracting vast numbers of seaside visitors, who undoubtedly approve of Princess Elizabeth's home as chintzily English but who stand patiently waiting to shuffle through and get a dazzled eyeful of this odd royal dream, which takes one part Kubla Khan's Xanadu and one part the Chinese Empress Dowager's summer palace, adds the romanticism of Keats and Shelley and a strong dash of the absurd, and, in this gray day and age, looks just wonderful. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER
(AMY SACKER DOES IT AGAIN)

[*From the Boston Herald*]

When Miss Amy Sacker of Boston arrives at the Mountain View House in Whitefield, N. H., for her annual visit, things begin to happen. When she gives a card party, it's usually followed by a tea with her unusual flower arrangements as decorations. At one of her parties last summer each of the fifty guests was required to make her own hat and wear it. There were amazing results, including baskets of fruit and indescribable creations of flowers and feathers. It remains to see what will evolve this year.—*July 25.*

Amy Sacker has done it again. Famous for her unusual parties at the Mountain View House in Whitefield, N. H., where she spends part of each summer, she gave a "Perroquet Party" Thursday evening at the Sports House for 60 of her friends. Taking advantage of the 2000th birthday of Paris on July 14, she decorated the lounge to represent a Parisian cafe. Gay French posters adorned the walls and there were red and white checked tablecloths on the tables. Dubonnet was served and on each table were Italian breadsticks in tall glasses.—*July 28.*

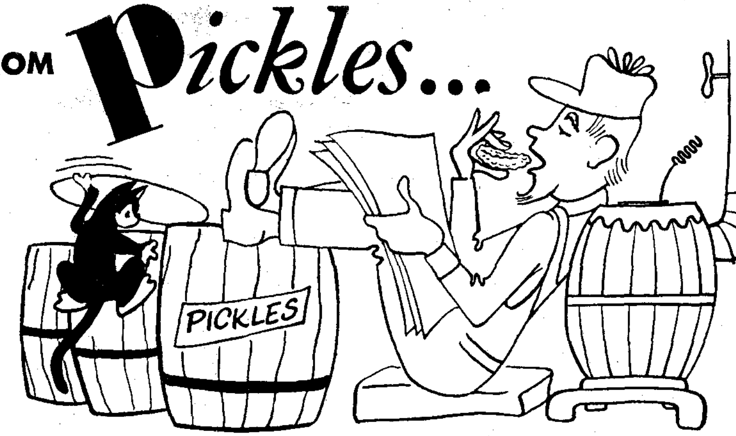
•

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA, Aug. 6 (U.P.)—Gov. Dewey of New York was asked today whether he would consider a job such as secretary of state if Gen. Eisenhower became President. Dewey replied:

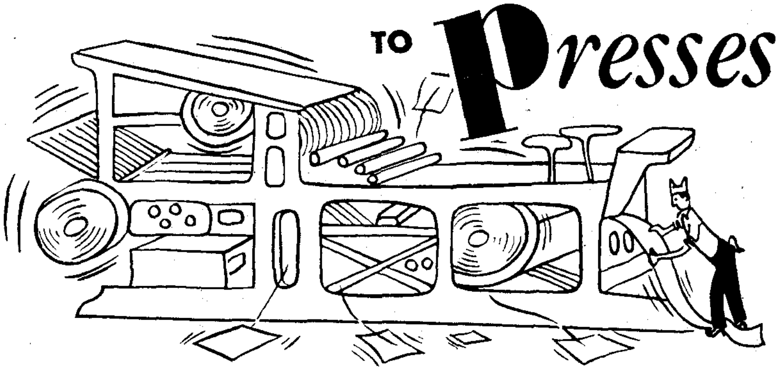
"My term as governor will not end until 1954. At the end of next year, I will have been governor longer than anyone in about 150 years."—*The News.*

Guess *that* answers the question.

FROM Pickles...



TO Presses



IN NEW ENGLAND

Variety is the spice of life

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THE RACE TRACK

What's Buzzin' . . .

IT requires no acute perception to recognize in Cousin one of our top two-year-olds. He certainly polished off his opposition handily in the Saratoga Special at the Spa last weekend, but I daresay some of the people who backed him heavily at odds-on were a worried lot before the race was over. You see, Old Ironsides led right up to the last furlong, and horseplayers who take a short price on a favorite want to see him out in front all the way. Besides, until that point in the Special, Guerin, who rode Cousin, appeared just a little too confident. However, when the boy used his whip, Cousin gave out willingly, and won by a couple of lengths. If you haven't seen Cousin, I can tell you that he is a medium-size, rather stocky individual, rich bay in color, with a good head and powerful shoulders. His owner, Alfred Vanderbilt, breeds most of the horses he races, but he occasionally buys a yearling that catches his eye, as Cousin did. Mr. Vanderbilt paid $20,000 for him at the Keeneland Sales last summer, and to date the colt has earned $39,700.

ON the way to Saratoga last Saturday, a lot of trippers grumbled over the fact that the Travers Stakes, the oldest, if not the most famous, event in this country for three-year-olds, had only four entries (thus eliminating show betting on the race), while the American Derby at Washington Park, in Chicago, had ten. Well, the obvious reason for this was that the winner's share of the Travers was $15,000 and that of the American Derby $61,200. Perhaps the Saratoga Association, which is having such a successful meeting (the attendance last Saturday was 24,897, an all-time high), can do something about this next year. Be that as it may, I can't recall a more spirited performance in the Travers—and never mind how many I've seen—than Battlefield's in winning it last weekend. Watchers were dumfounded when Yildiz, who had been a disappointment ever since he won the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last March, found his racing legs and gave Battlefield the liveliest sort of time all the way to the winning post. As for the American Derby, Hall of Fame won that, as I had thought he would. Now, I expect, the amateur handicappers are sharpening their pencils and preparing to go to work on their estimates of who is the best three-year-old. I'll string along with Battlefield.

POSSIBLY the greatest surprise racing folk had last week was the defeat of Princess Lygia in the Princess Pat Stakes at Washington Park. From all accounts, she had none of the extraordinary speed that marked her previous efforts, and she was beaten by half a dozen lengths by Calumet Farm's A Gleam, a daughter of Twilight Tear. The day before Princess Lygia ran for the Princess Pat Stakes, she was sold by Harry Trotsek, who developed her, to Louis B. Mayer, for $100,000. It looked like a square price, too, as prices for racers go these days, inasmuch as she was unbeaten, and 1–5 in the betting to pick up an easy $47,620 in the Princess Pat. Horsemen tell me that Princess Lygia is on the small side but is a remarkably well-muscled animal. Her color is bay, and if you're interested in pedigrees, she is by Roman out of a mare named Roman Matron (*her* father was Pompey). It is merely a coincidence, of course, that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going to release shortly a very expensive movie of "Quo Vadis?," in which, as you must remember, one of the leading characters is a girl named Lygia.

A HORSEPLAYER carrying a *Racing Form,* a scratch sheet, and Jack's Little Green Card boarded a bus for Saratoga at Albany the other day and asked the driver, "Will we get there in time for the daily double?"

The driver said, "Sure. I'm getting some tickets myself. Say, what do you play in the double—horses' names, or numbers?"

"Numbers," said the passenger with the *Racing Form,* the scratch sheet, and Jack's Little Green Card.

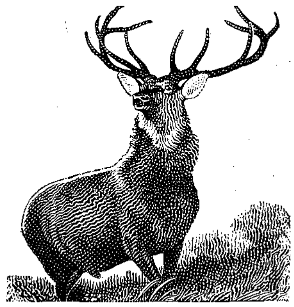
—AUDAX MINOR

•

MOST FASCINATING DOPE ITEM OF THE WEEK

[*The following interpretation, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Christian Science Monitor*]

The prowess of Gen. Douglas MacArthur as a television speaker—thought by some critics to have a drawing power which would be a threat to TV stars—is perhaps not so surprising when one takes a look at the book, "The Scottish Clans and Their Tartans."



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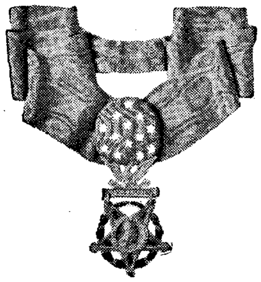

Private First Class Melvin Brown, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor for valor in action near Kasan, Korea, September 4, 1950. Stubbornly holding an advanced position atop a wall, Pfc. Brown stood off attacking North Koreans until all his rifle ammunition and grenades were gone. When last seen he was still fighting—with only an entrenching shovel for a weapon—rather than give up an inch of ground.

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And remember that *strength* for America can mean *peace* for America—so that boys like Melvin Brown may never have to fight again.

For the sake of Private Melvin Brown and all our servicemen—*for your own boy*—buy more United States Defense Bonds now. Defense is your job, too!

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now *every United States Series E Bond you own* automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 years as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for $18.75 can return you not just $25 but as much as $33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE most important item, at first glance, in the college shops is the indispensable, independent separate skirt, around which all of the casual and many of the formal items of a college wardrobe revolve. The newest skirts are voluminous but not bulky, the idea being to combine the widest hemline with the sleekest cut at the waist.

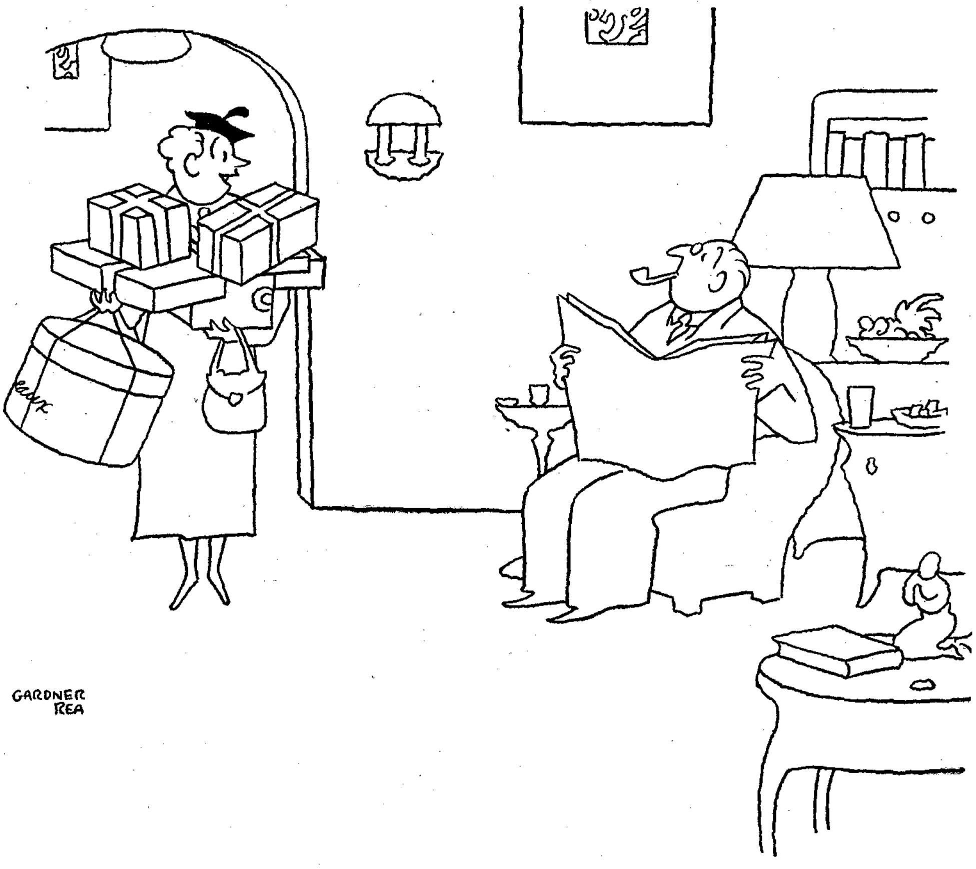
Lots of Best's skirts are lined with crinoline and/or rayon taffeta. A few are perhaps a little too special for all day long. One spectacular number, of dark-gray or dark-brown flannel, is gored like an umbrella and has slim hips and a flaring hemline. Another, of brown flannel, fastens down the center of the hip yoke with a short row of jet buttons. The dressiest of the bunch, for dinner and later, is a dark-brown flannel embroidered all over with squares of black braid and jet beads. Prices run from $22.95 to $35. To go with these, or with almost anything you happen to own, there's a cream corduroy blouse with shiny black buttons, a cowl-collared one of wool jersey in gray and white checkerboard squares, and a low-necked one of gray wool jersey embroidered on the chest with beads that look like coffee beans. They start at $15. A marvellous satchel handbag of plastic (anyone would swear, though, that it was alligator) appears in red, brown, navy, or black. It's $7.14, including tax.

BERGDORF GOODMAN have big skirts, unlined, of tweed in heavenly combinations of colors, and accompanied by harmonizing blouses of wool jersey. A wrap-around, fastened with a double row of bone buttons, has a coral, taupe, and beige check. A more subdued plaid skirt, with a henna overcheck, has box pleats at the sides. More box pleats, unpressed in this case, circle a gray-and-violet checked skirt, with which goes a blouse of gray wool jersey. There is a companion stole, large and fringed and striking and warm, for practically every one of the skirts. One is of matching jersey, others are of tweed. Skirts begin at $35, stoles at $16, and blouses at $14.

THE jackets at Lord & Taylor are worth an admiring look. One, for tallish girls, is a copy of the blazer worn by Oxonians. It's long and single-breasted. The lapels, too, are long, and the buttons are brass. It is shown in the traditional navy flannel as well as the untraditional but equally handsome white or gray. The price is $29.95. A jacket of Lord & Taylor's invention is done in black, red, or navy sailcloth. It's equipped with a velveteen collar and velveteen facings that turn back to make wide cuffs; $19.95. There's no end of dashing tartans, including the Hunting Mackinnon (dark green, dark brown, and red) and the Maclaine of Lochbuie (flame red and aquamarine); $29.95. Jackets of natural camel's hair, classic as can be and perfect with any reasonable skirt, are also $29.95. Jackets of corduroy, without vents, are on hand in every color from eggshell to fir green; $16.95. Jackets of domestic tweed start at $29.95; those made in Scotland of hand-woven tweed are $59.95 and up. A suède jerkin, bound in wool jersey, is slashed at the sides so that it's easy to dive into the pockets of shorts or a skirt. It's in a choice of autumn colors, including a taupe brown called Donkey; $29.95. And, if you must, there's a copy of a G.I. shirt in khaki cotton; $12.95.

JAY THORPE have put together a useful and good-looking wardrobe of separates called Around the Clock. The collection comprises a short, fitted jacket with stiffened hips and dropped shoulders, of charcoal flannel or black velveteen edged with black braid, for $39.95; a full skirt, with a very wide waistband of black elastic and unpressed box pleats, of charcoal flannel, Black Watch plaid wool, or black velveteen, at $22.95, $25, and $27.50, respectively; and two tuck-in tops—a charcoal herringbone-knit wool with short sleeves and a high neck, for $14.95, and a sleeveless, turtleneck one of black wool jersey, for $9.95.

ALTMAN'S college shop is fixed up to look like a country general store. Here the particular favorites are wool-finish cotton dresses in dark checks and plaids. A straight-skirted two-piece dress of brown, blue, or gold with a



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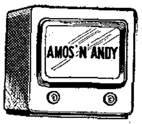

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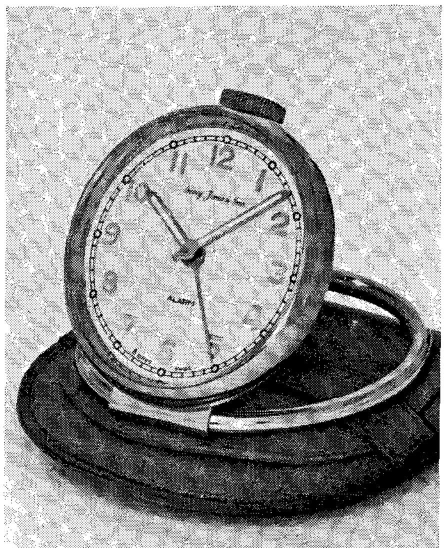

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contrasting check has a butcher-boy or suit top. A one-piece plaid, mostly green, has a fitted top, a fairly full skirt, and a detachable white cotton Peter Pan collar with a small grosgrain necktie as well as short, detachable sleevelets of the cotton. All three dresses are $22.95. So much for the wool-finish collection. Next, there's a pretty and versatile outfit called Village Belle. Its billowy-sleeved calico blouse is printed with tiny flowers in red and black. The matching ruffled petticoat can be belted (the customer supplies the belt, though) to it to make a dress or can be worn under a very naked black velveteen jumper that doubles, in turn, as a party dress. The whole thing is $36.90. All the items are sold separately, too, by the way. Sizes of the clothes mentioned go from 9 to 15.

LANZ of Salzburg has become (as perhaps must happen to all things) Lanz of California. This voice of the Far West is responsible for a good many of the clothes in Bonwit Teller's College Center. One full-skirted, tight-bodiced dress of flannelette in a Hänsel-and-Gretel print has a high, ruffled neck and push-up sleeves that are edged with black rickrack. The same flannelette, quilted, makes a nice-looking jumper dress that would go fine with a wool jersey pullover for after skiing next winter. The dress is $14.95; the jumper is $25. An apron overdress of rayon taffeta striped in black and white goes over a petticoat of red rayon taffeta or (for those who want to look even more like a shepherdess) of green taffeta with red and white stripes; $29.95. A bateau-necked dress of black velveteen is buttoned all the way down the front and edged with white cotton lace. It's $49.95. Another black velveteen, high-necked and with velvet bows on the sleeves, has a crinoline underskirt to make it bouffant; $59.95. All these dresses are in sizes 9 to 15.

FOR cold-weather comings and goings, Peck & Peck think highly of their topcoat of something that seems to be brand-new—*black* Teddy-bear cloth. It has a tuxedo front and wide push-up sleeves (to which long woolly gloves can be added), and a lining of iridescent bronze rayon taffeta; $89.95. Their favorite skirt, of poodle cloth (a material that looks fine, all right, but is probably just for willowy figures), has a braid waistband and glittering rhinestone buttons down the front; $25.95. A matching bellhop jacket with dropped shoulders does double duty as a sort of second-string fur jacket; $18.95. A poplin shirt to be worn tucked in or loose is cut like a trench coat, or at least the top of a trench coat. In red, yellow, or white, and $9.95. A tailored blouse of white orlon (orlon is supposed to be cooler than nylon, more absorbent, and faster-drying) has jagged folds down the chest and a vertically tucked insert; $12.95. Wonderful wool sweaters here, as usual. Long-sleeved Braemar Shetland pullovers in all kinds of bright, misty, and neutral colors are $12.95. Matching cardigans that button masculine fashion, on the right, are $15.95. And there are Litchfields, made in this country of Australian wool; $8.95 for pullovers and $10.95 for cardigans.

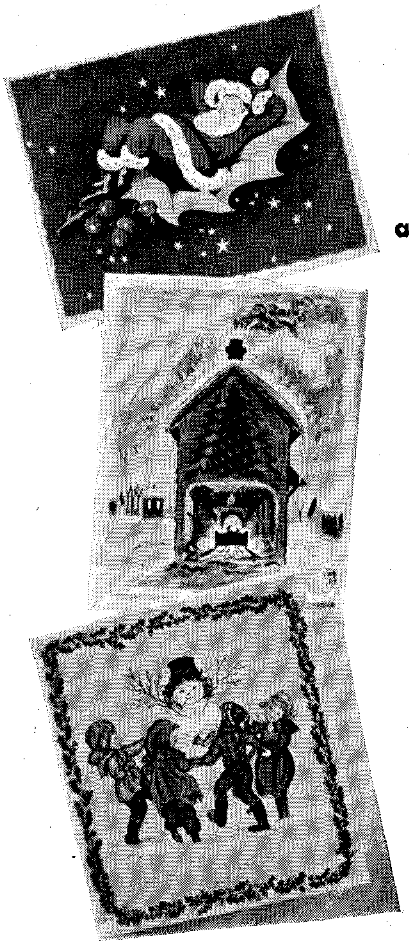
MORE poodle cloth, of various colors, shows up in Macy's Back-to-College Shop. A waist-length, collarless jacket, a vest, a yoked skirt, and a reversible stole (poodle cloth on one side, dark-gray or dark-brown flannel on the other) run from $8.41 to $16.87. Worn separately, they'll do very nicely, but a poodle-cloth ensemble would be too much. Among the more conventional separates is a group in brown or gray wool—a classic jacket, a classic vest, a slim, straight skirt, a full one lined with rayon taffeta, and slacks, pedal-pushers, and Bermuda shorts; $7.47 to $18.74. An overblouse of corduroy in a tweedy mixture, with a belt of black patent leather, is $12.17; the accompanying straight corduroy skirt, in a matching solid color, is buttoned part way down (this can be worn with the buttons fore or aft) and costs $7.47. A turtleneck dickey, for occasions when a sweater is too casual, is of red, ochre, or black wool jersey. It's $2.77.

BENDEL'S Young-Timers has a delightful group of dresses of Bendel design. A sheer wool with a narrow band that ties at the throat is trimmed with overlapping horizontal seaming that looks like little tucks. In bright red marine blue, dark green, brown, o black; $45. A collarless, long-sleeved dress with a draped panel at one side o the skirt appears in royal-blue, dark-green, brown, or elephant-gray sheer wool. This is $39.95. An excellent short after-five dress of silk taffeta is low-necked and short-sleeved and has a tiny peplum. It's done in red, gray, sky blue, or black; $59.95. The edges of the neck, sleeves, and peplum look as though they'd been made with a cookie cutter, wherefore the name of the dress is Cookie Cutter. A princesse dress that's good enough for a prom has a strapless rayon taffeta bodice with a *chou* of nylon tulle at one side and a feathery, flying skirt of alternating vertical panels of the taffeta and pleated nylon; $95.

In Bendel's sports departments, femininity holds sway. A fine collection of separates appears in taupe tweed with pink, blue, or gold flecks. The jacket in the group is unlined and belted, the vest is double-breasted and has a rolled, fringed collar, and the skirt is moderately full. A tailored blouse of blue, gold, or pink sheer flannel is designed to go with them. Prices in this group range from $14.95 to $19.95. A long-sleeved cardigan in pebbly melon wool, bound in wool jersey, and a matching wool jersey pullover, with a knit-ribbed collar and armholes, are $25 a set. A plaid wool skirt in melon, charcoal, and white, pleated across the front and plain in back, is a companion piece; $12.95.

IT'S very gray at Saks Fifth Avenue. Among Saks' long coats is a fitted one of wool in a black-and-gray zebra stripe with a big shawl collar and a flared skirt, as well as a pyramid coat of dark-gray chinchilla cloth, with a chimney collar, and a storm coat of purple-and-gray-heather tweed, with a collar of gray mouton and a lining of brown alpaca pile; $89.95, $95, and $59.95, in the order named. A suit of gray flannel has a short, nipped-in jacket with a collar and cuffs of red-and-gray wool knit; $69.95. The skirt is straight. As for bathrobes, the most efficient-looking is a short one of blue denim lined with white terry cloth and equipped with four patch pockets and a loop for holding a towel; $16.95. And the red cotton pajamas hereabouts come with a useful loose corduroy jacket in red, black, and white checks; $19.75 is the total.

BLOOMINGDALE'S three-quarter-length topper, which is water-repellent but neat enough for anywhere on a campus, is of red rayon gabardine, and has a drawstring collar of navy wool knit and a quilted navy rayon satin lining; $25. A gabardine jeep cap to match is $2.95. For gentler weather, there's a



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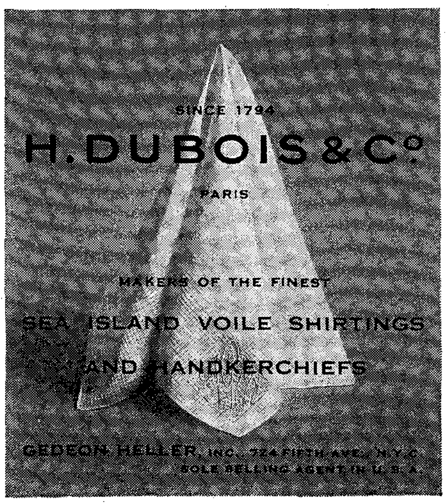
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short, unlined box coat of purple or chrome-yellow felt, with a black velveteen collar; $16.95. A reversible full-length coat of black velveteen and gray flannel has a tuxedo front and kimono sleeves. It's $65, and an all-purpose job for almost any weekend. Among the separates is a full, gored skirt of charcoal denim with a detachable cobbler's apron for carrying things, to say nothing of some charcoal denim pants and a workman's shirt of brown, black, and white checked cotton flannel, complete even to a ruler in the breast pocket. The skirt is $10.95; the pants and the shirt are $7.95 apiece. For the latter part of the day, there's a short harem skirt in black rayon taffeta, at $21.95, and a white cotton shirt, which, oddly, is ruffled across the back, at $14.95.

The Accessory Bar has small saddlebags, which can be carried separately or hung together over a shoulder on a detachable strap. They are done in a combination of gray flannel and red felt, brown flannel and red felt, or brown flannel and green felt. Two bags and a strap amount to $13.14, including tax. Some slippers named Little John are of beige, black, purple, red, or gold suède, lined with fleece wool and edged with gold kid; $5. A matching bag of suède to pack them in, shaped like a big eyeglass case, is $1.50.

Brooks Brothers, giving further ground to the feminine invasion of their premises, have now adapted their English boy's raincoat for women. It's a balmacaan of natural cotton water-repellent poplin, lined with cotton plaid and buttoned on the male side; $25.50.

De Pinna, on the other hand, looking to the French for ideas, has copied a Balmain raincoat in royal-blue or purple corduroy. This one, which is yoked, has deep raglan sleeves and a plaid madras lining. It's a billowy business, but you can belt it in if you wish. It and an extremely handsome matching bonnet come to $39.95. —G. J.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Roy Jr. have purchased an attractive home at Manning Cove, Saratoga Lake, and are in readiness there with their children.—*The Saratogian.*

Every parent is a minuteman.

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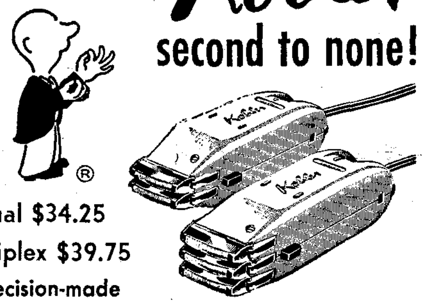

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MUSICALE

IN the early spring of 1921, my parents were looking forward to the celebration, a few months later, of their fifteenth wedding anniversary, and the floors and woodwork in Sister Carmen's music room in the little gray frame convent adjoining St. Jude's School were chipping and flaking and wearing away. Also, that spring, when I was going on thirteen, I was finishing my fifth year of piano lessons under Sister Carmen. All things come together. I am not listing isolated facts of the year 1921 in the Midwestern town where I lived, but am laying out the elements of a cunning design.

Dark-eyed, charming, excitable, Sister Carmen was a nun of high musical voltage, and she possessed rich nonmusical talents as well. She had a shrewd power of judgment; she knew what people were good for, and though, in the early spring of 1921, I must have shown unmistakably that I would be forever without promise at the keyboard, she knew I had other possibilities, and she made the best use of me she could.

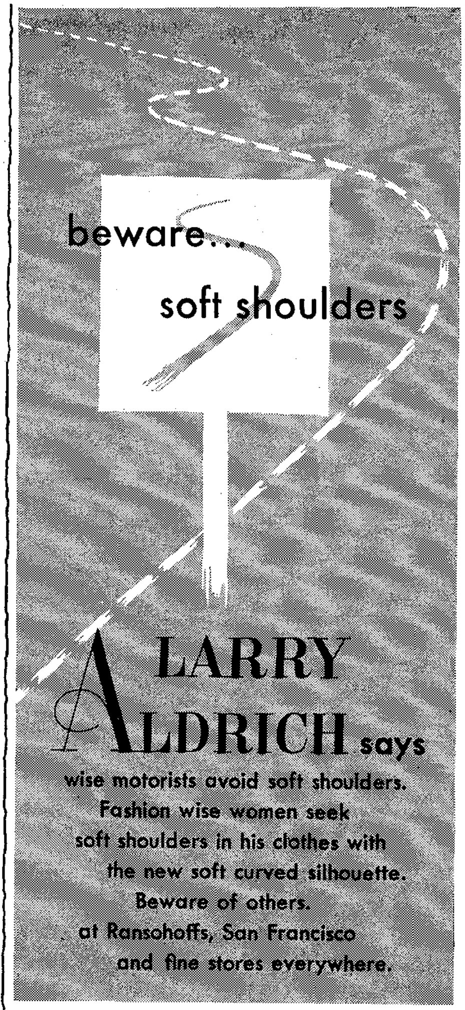
The trouble with me as a pianist was that I had no ear. The subtle and sweet chiming of sounds was simply beyond me. Rhythm I could comprehend; indeed, I have since thought, sometimes wistfully, that my real instrument might have been the drum. But Sister Carmen was not a woman interested in plain percussion, and the melodic intricacies which, over the years, she tried to pass on to me somehow failed to affect, impress, or ornament my nature.

At the time, I didn't know my weakness. In fact, I occasionally envisioned myself as a magnificent performer on the piano—not, to be frank, in the Carmenist tradition, but more along the "Wang Wang Blues" line. I made a deal that spring with my friend Rufe Hallisey, who was four years my senior and had just organized a five-piece band, to teach me what was, in that remote period, still called ragtime, but the deal fell through before instruction could get under way. My parents felt, with what seemed to me the rankest insensitivity, that Rufe was just trying to milk them of the five dollars a lesson that he and I had agreed upon (in view of his tremendous talent and my tremendous interest) as a fair price.

I believe Sister Carmen got a dollar a lesson—maybe it was a dollar and a quarter—and there was a minor charge for practice periods. Those who attended St. Jude's School and took piano lessons at the convent went over there every school day for half an hour. Once a week, in this period, each of us took his private lesson in the chipped and flaking music room, and, the four other days, practiced on one of the three pianos that stood, amidst ferns and convent furniture, in the dim little rooms connecting with it. Of course, we were also expected to practice at home. Both at home and during my morning practice periods at the convent, I got in a good amount of reading, having learned in my third year of music that one could do finger exercises with the right hand while holding one of the Tom Swift books in the left. As for my lessons, they turned more and more away from pure music and toward physical culture. Sister Carmen worried about my slumping. "Posture, dear," she'd say to me as soon as I entered the music room, and I'd throw back my shoulders and inhale. Sometimes she'd spend half our lesson period making me breathe deep at an open window. "Posture! Posture!" she'd say. "Draw it in! Blow it out! Ah, God's sweet fresh air!"

It may be that I showed more talent for breathing than for playing, but there were days when, much as I loathed the piano, I would have preferred pounding away hopelessly at it, with the metronome ticking above me and Sister Carmen's long steel knitting needle flicking me lightly on the knuckles when I misfired, to standing at the window, breathing deep for minutes on end, with my shoulders back and my nostrils twitching. But she knew best. The years have proved her right. To this day, I have a fine expansion.

ONE morning in the early spring of 1921, Sister Carmen asked me if either of my parents was going to have a birthday soon. If so, she said, she knew what I ought to give the fortunate one as a present. My mother had a birthday in May, I answered, and Sister Carmen brought out a volume of meditations and told me I could buy it for a dollar and a half, out of my allowance, which no doubt I had been saving for the birthday anyhow. Sister John of the Cross, she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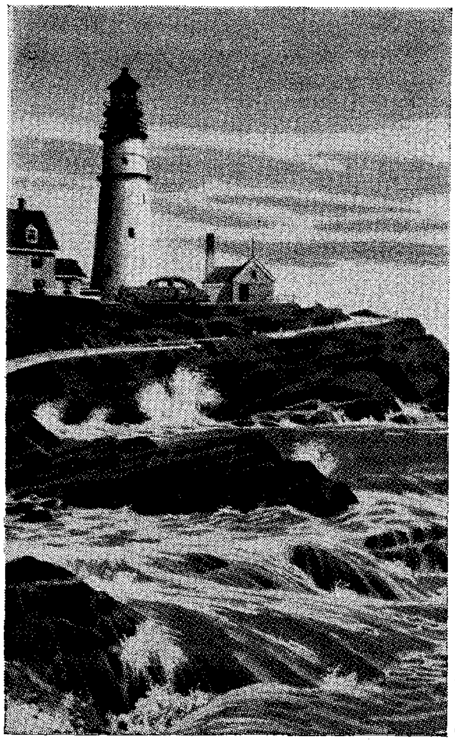

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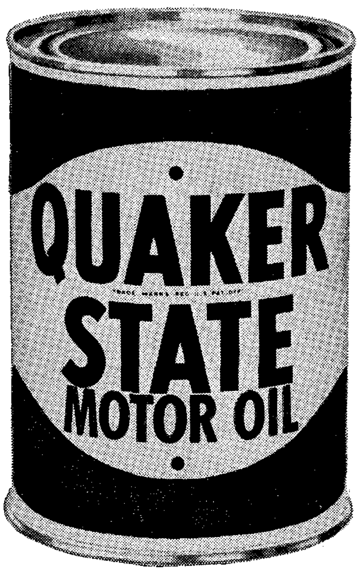

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concluded happily, would help me to print an inscription in Old English on the flyleaf. So that year my mother got the strangest birthday present imaginable—a book of meditations clearly designed for thirteenth-century convent use, with no thought of the matrimonial, the maternal, or even the personal needs of a married lady in the Middle West of the United States in 1921.

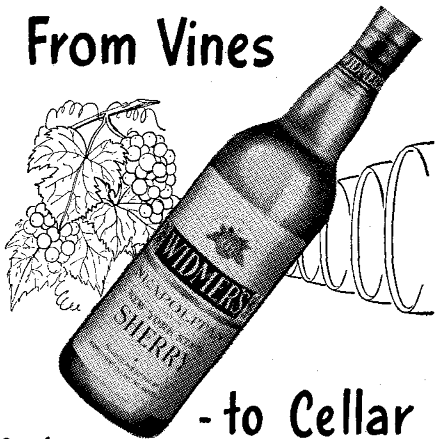
However, the book was a mere dry run, preparation for another enterprise, which I doubt Sister Carmen had yet hit upon. A week after my mother's birthday, she got out of me, by discreet interrogation, the fact that my parents' fifteenth wedding anniversary was in early June. "Fifteen years!" she said, with a wave of her knitting needle. "Try that again from the beginning, dear. Just the left hand. Fifteen blessed years! And do sit up straight. Breathe, now. Breathe deep! And such a fine couple! The left hand. A model couple. No, no, let's try it again. Fifteen years married—oh, we ought to *do* something! No, dear! Posture, now. Sit up straight, and the left hand all alone. No. No, dear. Oh, *no!*" And, what with her swooping back and forth between my fumbles in the bass and my parents' prospective celebration, I have never been happier in all my thirteen years than I was when Consuela Doherty, a girl I ordinarily hadn't much use for, appeared for her lesson, which succeeded mine.

I got up hastily to leave. Consuela, a lumpy, muscular girl with a green ribbon twisting out of her mahogany hair, murmured good morning to Sister Carmen, glowered at me, and accidentally scraped the brass buckle of her music roll against the doorframe as she stepped aside for me to pass.

"Oh dear!" said Sister Carmen. "One more groove." Delicately she sucked a forefinger and rubbed it wet along the little scratch the buckle had made in the scabbed varnish. "Oh dear!" she said again, her eyes flying sorrowfully over all the scars and flaking varnish in the room.

It may have been that that was the instant her plan came to her. She popped in on me next morning, during my practice period. I wasn't expecting her, and she must have seen the wild jump with which I sat on the book I'd been reading, but she spoke not a word of censure, only asked me again the date of the anniversary, and, when I repeated it for her, clapped her hands and cried, "I thought so! A Sunday!" Then she asked me to find out at noon if my mother would be home after school that day,

From Vines



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saying she wanted to call on her. My conviction was that she had dark things to report of me, but I promised to let her know. As it turned out, my mother *was* going to be home, and Sister Carmen, with Sister John of the Cross in tow, came to call.

At supper, my mother was quite excited. She was no musician herself, but she loved the sounds made by even our old Kimball upright piano, and she sat at the table full of sparkle and longing, because what Sister Carmen had proposed to her was that the fifteenth wedding anniversary be celebrated with a musicale. My mother was as eager as a child—indeed, I felt her manner was distinctly unbecoming—at the prospect of so grand an entertainment. She loved parties anyhow. She was always giving them, and even when she wasn't, our house was likely to be full of people who had just stopped in but had stayed on for whatever meal or two came next. Certainly she must already have made tentative plans for some kind of big anniversary party, but what she wanted *now*, after Sister Carmen had guaranteed to get her star pupils into magnificent shape for a two-hour Sunday-afternoon program, and had practically promised that Eberhardt Fischer, our local cellist, would perform, accompanied by his daughter, Marcella—what my mother wanted above all else was to have a musicale to celebrate her fifteenth anniversary as the wife of my father.

"How'd that nun find out?" my father asked. Then he followed my mother's proud glance at me, and said "Oh."

"She *asked* me," I said.

"But what's she want to do it for?" demanded my father. "That's what gets me. When people come right up and *offer* to—"

"She said it'd give her a chance to show off her best pupils!" cried my mother. "And at the same time it'd give *us* a chance to celebrate in a *very* unusual—"

"Ah," said my father. When my mother really wanted something, I don't think he ever said no, as long as he could afford whatever it was. "Well, since you and the nuns have made up your minds, I don't suppose there's anything to be done but go ahead. How many people you figure on inviting?"

"I started a list just before supper," my mother said. "All the family, and—"

"What about that old piano of ours?" my father asked.

"Oh, I talked to Sister Carmen about that," said my mother, "and she says we

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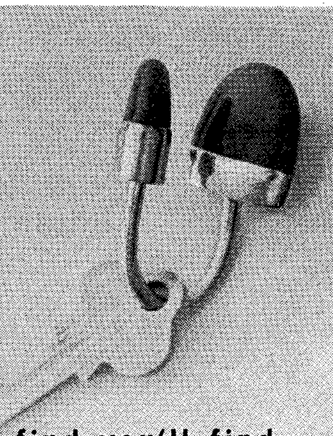

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"That Sister Carmen thinks of everything," my father said to me. "With a woman like that teaching you, I don't see why you even speak to Rufe Hallisey!"

THE fact was that at the moment I had completely given up Rufe Hallisey and ragtime, and was doing my best to succeed Johnny Hansen—because of his age, he would have to move up into the Municipal Intermediate League that season—as second baseman on the Exchange Street Colts, in the Municipal Minor League. With a few dozen other springtime zealots, I shagged flies and played high-low after school hours all that May in the park opposite my family's house. I think that was the spring-training season when an uncaught fly ball whacked down into a baby buggy no more than three inches from the baby, and we all resented terribly the young mother's hysterical indignation. The oily flap and juicy thump and leathery crack of baseballs in gloves and on bats sounded all through that late spring, from after school till suppertime and afterward till twilight, when birds flew zigzag patterns in the lilac-sweet dusk around the balls we lobbed high, at that hour, for visibility.

So I did not follow in any careful way the preparations for the musicale. I heard that before my mother got around to phoning Mr. Willems, he phoned her, and volunteered his choicest Chickering grand piano for the great day, and I heard talk among my fellow music students at St. Jude's about their forthcoming performances. But I really paid very little attention to these and the various other developments, and it was not until the triumphant Sunday dawned that I, perforce, gave it concrete recognition.

It was a beautiful, golden, warm Sunday, with a brisk wind tossing snowy clouds across a blue sky. Mrs. Durkee, the scrawny little woman my mother always got to help prepare the food for the biggest parties, came to the house at nine in the morning, bringing along her eldest daughter. There was a fine smell out of the kitchen by noon, but my father and I had only a pick-me-up sandwich for lunch, and I don't suppose my mother ate at all. By half past two, the relatives had begun to arrive. There were in the immediately available family at that date approximately sixty-five persons, of assorted ages, sexes, and primary interests, and they all came to the musicale except my Great-Uncle Henry, who had a gangrenous foot, and my Aunt Charlotte, his daughter, who stayed home with him. By a quarter to three, guests other than relatives had begun to arrive. Within the next five or ten minutes, there were over a hundred people swarming in our big house and out on the lawn and spilling over into the park across the street. Sister Carmen, flushed and jumpy, was in my father's den, with all her performers. A few dozen more people came at the last moment, and it was found that the man from the funeral home hadn't delivered nearly enough folding chairs. People sat on the sun porch, and on the front steps and the front porch, and lolled about on the sunny lawn, the lucky ones in the apple-tree shade. Then, at twenty past three, out of the living room, where the great, glossy Chickering grand from Mr. Willems' music store stood, came the sound of the first selection of the musicale. I don't remember what it was, but the audience knew, because it was on the hectographed programs, blurry with purple ink, done in Old English lettering by Sister John of the Cross at Sister Carmen's request.

I was in the kitchen with my cousin Gregory when the program started. We had a quick snack, by courtesy of Mrs. Durkee and her eldest daughter, and then we went a safe distance down the alley and played catch for an hour. Gregory had a fair roundhouse curve that kept breaking into the gray and black cinders that covered the alley. Every few minutes, we heard from the musicale a spatter of handclapping, like sudden rain, and occasionally there floated to us a few tinkling notes of the piano. When we went back, after an hour, and drifted about among the people on the lawn, it seemed to me that everybody was having a good time, though actually most of those outside were talking to one another and hardly listening to the music. Then Gregory and I went inside, where it was so hot and crowded that we sneaked down to the basement until after the final number on the program—Marcella Fischer and her father in a piano-and-cello duet. We went up for cold ham and cold turkey, potato salad with little red-rimmed white wheels of radishes in it, Parker House rolls, and individually molded apples and peaches and pears of ice cream.

It was a fine party. Even the kids from St. Jude's who had taken part in the program seemed to be relishing it, now that the performance was over. Afterward, my mother loaded Sister

Carmen up with plates and bowls and buckets of food to take back to the nuns at the convent. Most people stayed till eight or nine o'clock, and some of the close family didn't go home until midnight. Before my Aunt Lou left, she said that although she'd heard some talk ahead of time that the whole thing sounded pretty showy, she certainly felt herself that it had been a beautiful, beautiful day, full of taste and culture, long to be remembered, and not—no matter what *any*body might say—too pretentious. She was even sorry, she added, that she didn't believe in presents, because she would have enjoyed remembering my parents with a gift on their fifteenth anniversary.

AT dinner one noon about a week after the musicale, my father said, "It's time we got that grand piano back to Willems', isn't it?"

"I meant to tell you," said my mother. "He phoned the other day and said before he sent for it, he'd like to come over and talk to us both."

"I know what he wants to talk to us about," said my father.

"The rental?" asked my mother.

"Not Willems."

"I don't know what you mean," said my mother.

"He wants to sell it to us," my father said. "When did you tell him to come?"

"Well, I said any afternoon," she answered, "and he said maybe he'd stop by today, while you were home for dinner."

The doorbell rang just then. "It looks to me," said my father, cocking his head in my direction and winking, "as if you'd be doing your practicing on a grand instead of an upright from now on."

My mother ran around the table and threw her arms about him. Then, sitting on his lap, she said, "You knew all along I wanted it, didn't you? Ah, it looks so lovely in the room!"

"Answer the door," my father said to me. "It's probably Willems."

It was, and he made us a very good allowance on our old Kimball.

It was just a bit later, in the early summer of 1921, that the floors and woodwork in Sister Carmen's music room were sanded and varnished and generally shined to a new glory. My lessons were over for the summer, but one day while the work was still going on I had to stop by with a note from my mother, who wanted to tell Sister Carmen once more how grateful she was for the beautiful musicale. I gave Sister Carmen the note and watched her read it. Her dark eyes lit

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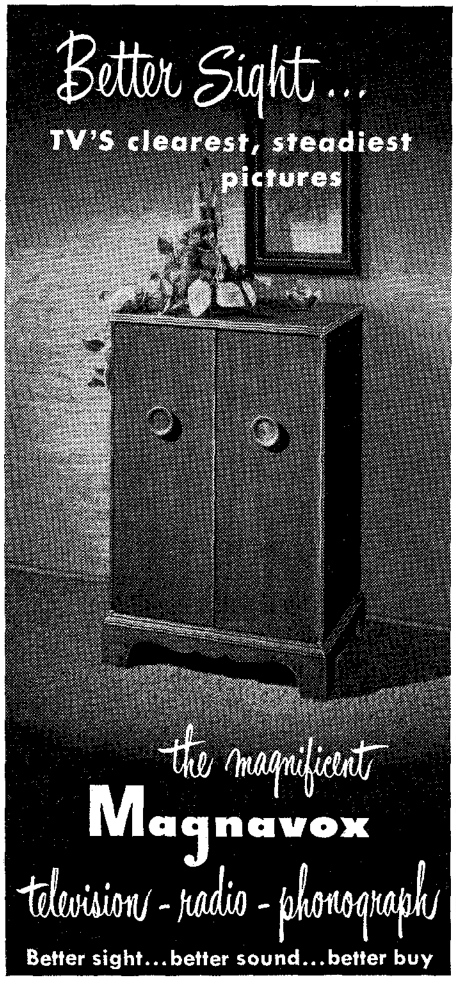

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up, and she stepped around a gallon can of varnish and a squatting painter and gave me a great, quick hug. "Oh!" she said, squeezing my shoulders into a slumping posture without even seeming to be aware of what she was doing. "The way Providence takes care of us, dear! It's all Providence! Get out in the sun this summer now, dear, and take your breathing exercises every morning. Will you promise me?"

I promised her.

It was not until maybe five years later, when Sister Carmen had been moved to another station, that we learned exactly what an ingenious coup she had brought off that spring. The Willemses, who by that time had become very good friends of my parents, dropped in at our house one evening, and the talk got around to the musicale. Nodding at the Chickering grand, Mr. Willems remarked that he had paid Sister Carmen a hundred-dollar commission on the sale. "The truth is she phoned me to find out how much commission I'd pay her before she made any arrangements about a musicale with you people," he said. He was a fat, big, pale, bushy-haired man, and when he laughed, he made faint whistling noises first, as a kind of warning. Now, looking at my parents, he whistled. "What she had in mind," he said, whistling still, "was getting some money to refinish her music room. You know? That woodwork was terrible." Then he laughed.

Nobody has ever—at that time, or before, or since—remarked upon Sister Carmen's quietly omitting me from the list of performers that bright June Sunday in 1921. Among decent people, of course, some delicate matters are never referred to. But I think of this omission myself every once in a while, and it always strikes me as an example of how integrity will still show bright in the midst of darkest deception.

—Richard Sullivan

•

Because St. Patrick climbed to the top of Croagh Patrick in Ireland, fasted for 40 days and 40 nights and prayed that Ireland would never lose the faith he had brought to it, Cleveland Irish will hold a picnic Sunday.—*Cleveland News.*

Took a bit of doing, but it was worth it.

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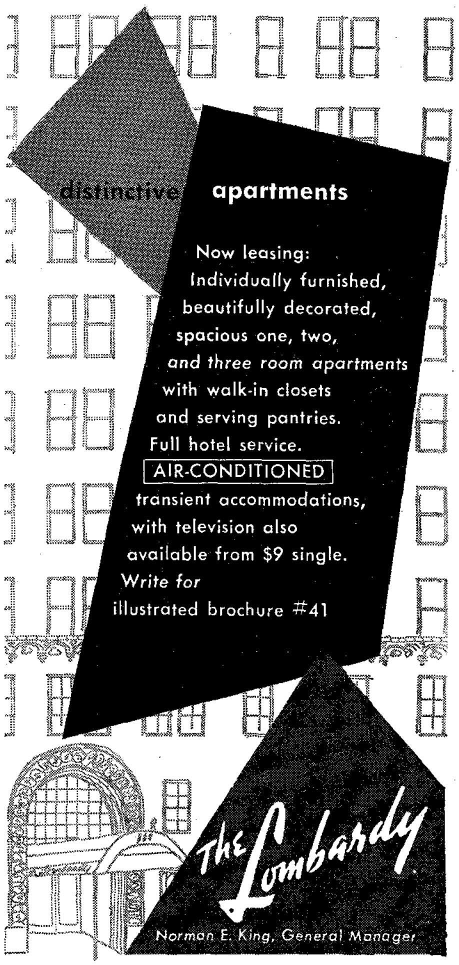

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wolf on the Fold

I OFTEN think that the favorite reading matter of the boys in Hollywood, aside from comic books, Western stories, and pulsating true romances, must be the Bible. It seems to exert a singularly strong hold on their active minds. Often, they go to it for inspiration for one of their products, drawn, no doubt, by the beauty of the words and the simplicity of the tales and perhaps by the fact that Bible stories are in the public domain (no troublesome authors hanging around the gates, asking for money). Well, the lads out at Twentieth Century-Fox have been dipping into the Good Book, specifically into the Second Book of Samuel, and they have run across the story of David and Bathsheba. I wish I had been around on the morning when somebody in the studio first told Mr. Zanuck, the production chief, how King David walked out on his roof one night and spied Bathsheba, wife of Uriah the Hittite, taking a bath, and how David knew right then and there that she was the girl for him. Mr. Zanuck, I imagine, said he knew right then and there that that was the story for *him*, and the result is "David and Bathsheba," a two-hour-long unfolding of the Biblical epic in gorgeous Technicolor, with Gregory Peck as David, and Susan Hayward as Bathsheba. Twentieth Century has given the story what I think is referred to on the Coast as the "full treatment." A sumptuous palace was constructed, with a glorious throne room, long corridors with multicolored marble pillars, elegant quarters for the King, containing low, almost modern, tables, and equally elegant quarters for Mrs. Bathsheba, whose taste apparently ran to striking draperies at every window. On hand are countless extras—a huge populace, brightly garbed in the costumes of the time, scores of heavily laden camels and donkeys, and hundreds upon hundreds of sheep, all bleating like mad. On hand, too, are Nathan the Prophet, Uriah the Hittite, Absalom, Joab, Goliath, a Specialty Dancer, and tons of sand.

And yet, the accessories notwithstanding, something is ponderously wrong with "David and Bathsheba." The fault lies, I suppose, in the attempt to make excessive enlargements of an essentially simple story. Obviously, what first attracted the producers was that scene on the roof, rather than any other phase of King David's spectacular career, but, having set out to create an epic, they felt compelled to throw in all the fixin's. As a result, there are long, arid stretches of turmoil on the field of battle, arrivals and departures of the Ambassador of Egypt, and constant turnings-up by the Prophet Nathan, who, as played by Raymond Massey, is somewhat more boring than the late Mr. Comstock. Toward the close, there are a few brief and beautifully staged scenes of David as a child—notably of his encounter with Goliath—which seemed to me to have the proper simplicity and the correct pictorial approach to an ancient and wonderful tale.

As for the acting, Gregory Peck is far and away the most impressive member of the big cast. His David is strong, troubled, and quite believable, a man of deep feeling and equally deep self-doubts. Miss Hayward, as Bathsheba, although extremely attractive at all times and under all circumstances, seemed too overwhelmed by the role to meet it head on.

"FORCE OF ARMS," by Orin Jannings, based on a story by Richard Tregaskis, is distinguished by some fine battle scenes of the Italian campaign during the Second World War, by some restrained and sensible acting on the part of William Holden and Nancy Olson, and by some down-to-earth conversations among soldiers who did not find the late war anything special to write home about. Mr. Jannings' script, dealing with a courageous sergeant who receives a battlefield commission, falls in love with a Wac, subsequently does not completely fulfill his duty in battle, and feels the need to expiate his guilt, unfolds quietly and with dignity. If "Force of Arms" had been told a little more briskly, and with somewhat less banality at the end, it would have been a thoroughly first-rate picture. Even so, I think you will be stirred by a great deal of it. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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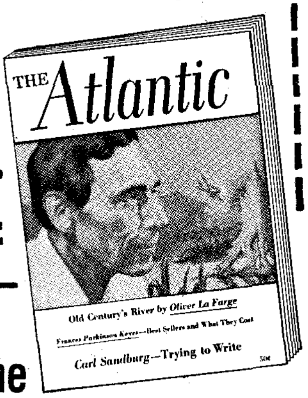
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LETTER FROM ATHENS

AUGUST 1

WHILE I was checking in at the Grande Bretagne Hotel here a few weeks ago, I noticed a poster in the lobby, signed by the National Council for Public Enlightenment, that read, "Do not take for granted what you are told by anyone. . . . Give Greece a fair chance by investigating yourself. False impressions innocently spread may harm Greece more than guerrilla raids." It seemed to me a very maladroit, where-there's-smoke-there's-fire piece of public relations. A couple of days later, I stopped in at the office of a member of the National Council, and he informed me that because of the Cominform countries bordering on Greece, she "has to protect herself against adverse propaganda spread by a Moscow-directed fifth column." He handed me a pamphlet, in English, and entitled "Truth About Greece," which began, "The enemy's agents are many and cunning. Often his first victims are inexperienced foreign correspondents hoodwinked in their search for sensational news. Sometimes the agents even try to gain the confidence of embassy and foreign-mission officials."

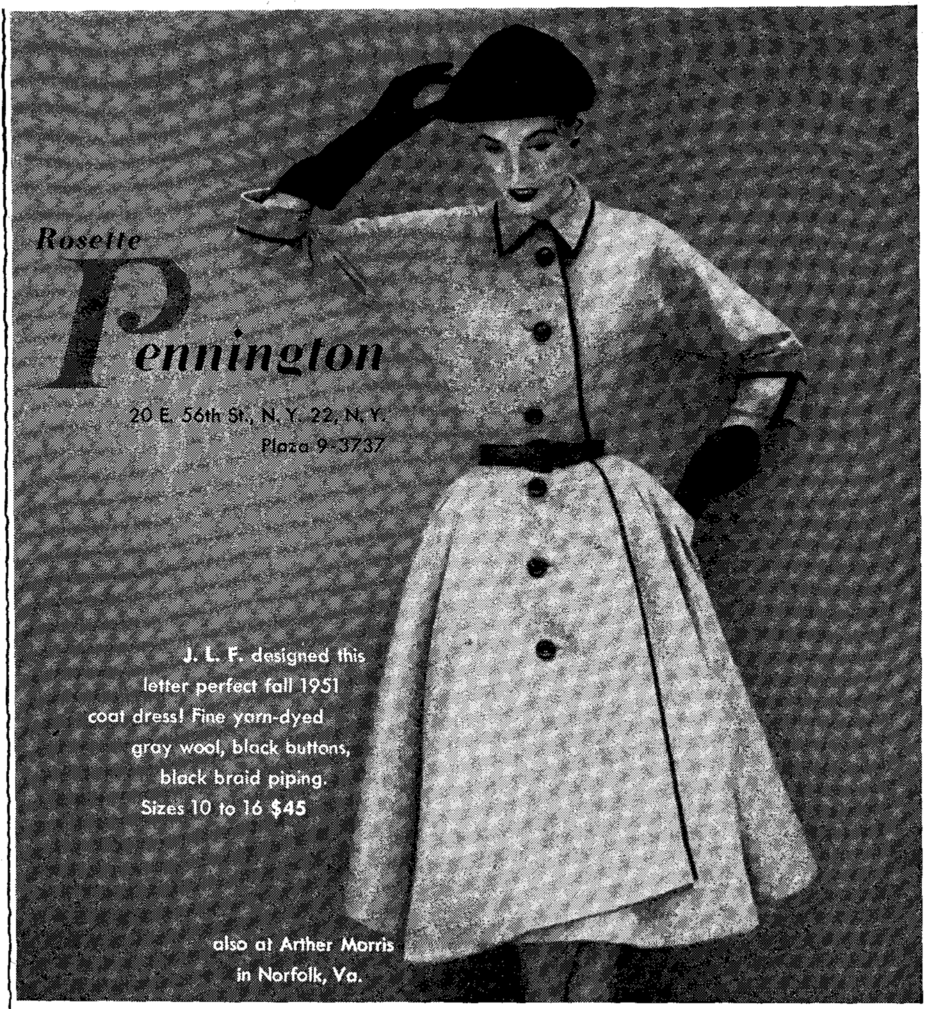
As it turned out, all the adverse comment I heard about Greece came either from loyal, pro-government Greeks or from foreigners who think that the Greek people deserve a better break than they're getting, and are much concerned about this country, with its great past and its problematic future. Greece was poor even before it became a battlefield in the Second World War; only one-fifth of the land was arable, and there was no coal, not enough hydroelectric power, and no industry to speak of. During and after the war, Greece had the distinction of being the only country to fight against Mussolini, Hitler, *and* Stalin. After the Italian and German invasions, there was a long and lacerating occupation by the Bulgarians as well as by the aggressor countries. Then came the liberation, the pitched battles between the British forces and the Leftist resistance units, and the long and costly civil war, which ended only on October 16, 1949—ten years after the big war had started. By that time, the country was wrecked. Fifty-seven thousand civilians—out of a total population of about eight million—had been killed and fifty-three thousand dragged off as hostages. There were forty-nine thousand casualties in the Greek Army, including fifteen thousand dead. Casualties among the Greek Communists were seventy thousand, including twenty-nine thousand dead. A whole generation of Greeks had been laid waste. One-sixth of the survivors were homeless, most work animals had been slaughtered and all technical equipment destroyed, communications were almost nonexistent, capital was concentrated in the hands of a small band of war profiteers, the middle class was wiped out, and the peasants, who make up two-thirds of the population, were reduced to penury. Conditions, in fact, were ideal for the spread of Communism. In view of all this, it is astonishing that today there are only a few underground cells of the outlawed Communist Party in the bigger cities and only a few hundred guerrillas in the northern mountains. Neither crushing poverty nor the strong propaganda that emanates from the neighboring Cominform countries—Albania, Bulgaria, and Rumania—has had any large-scale effect on Greece's underprivileged classes, partly because the Greeks have had first-hand experience with the blessings of Communism and partly because Marshall Plan aid—which now totals about three-quarters of a billion dollars—has, on the whole, done its work well.

This doesn't mean that the danger is over. There is still that shocking disparity between the rich and the poor that is always a breeding ground for Communism. Last year, the average per-capita income in Greece was 1,920,000 drachmas, or a hundred and twenty-eight dollars, the lowest of any Marshall Plan country in Europe. (The figure in France, for example, was around five hundred dollars.) Inflation has gone on unchecked. The dollar is presently worth about fifteen thousand drachmas. Members of Athens' foreign colony have been wearily watching the price of dry Martinis at the King George and Grande Bretagne hotels go up, from 7,500 drachmas last Christmas to 17,000 drachmas at the moment. The populace cares less about dry Martinis and more about fresh eggs, which cost 1,600 drachmas apiece. There is little confidence in the local currency; long-term leases, real-estate transactions, and big industrial deals are reckoned in British gold sovereigns, currently quoted at

225,000 drachmas. Most people simplify financial negotiations by dropping the bothersome zeros. When the price of a meat course is listed on a menu as "25," it means 25,000 drachmas.

The country's economy is still shaky. There are few new industries, few communications, few exports. The peasants don't raise enough food for the country, and most consumer goods have to be imported. Here in Athens, housing is a serious problem. The rich live in magnificent villas and apartment houses. The poor live in some of the world's worst slums, without water, electricity, heat, or sewers. More than three hundred and forty thousand Greek children were uprooted from their homes during the war because of the death of one or both of their parents; more than twenty-five thousand of them are now behind the Iron Curtain. The country's orphanages can accommodate only eight thousand children. A lot of the children I have seen around Athens were wearing rags and no shoes. They are apt to have meat just twice a year, at Christmas and Easter. The most effective form of relief is private aid, which comes chiefly from America. The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children has rescued twelve hundred and fifty Greek waifs from disease and utter misery. Many of those who lost arms and legs to mines or shells now have artificial limbs and get medical treatment, along with food and toys, and—extremely important—letters from their American foster parents, which give them the feeling of being cared for. Mrs. Katherine Clark, the American field director of the Foster Parents' Plan in Greece, and her Greek staff workers have travelled all over Greece and the islands by boat, rail, jeep, car, donkey, and mule to bring the children their packages of clothes, rice, sugar, flour, and evaporated milk. Sometimes there are gifts of money from the kind, faraway Americans. "People mean well. Some of them send radios," Mrs. Clark told me. "How can they know that in many villages people have scarcely *heard* of electricity?"

As is usual in the dispensing and receiving of charity, on either the private or the governmental level, there is a wide divergence between the donor's good intentions and the recipient's appreciation of them. Every time the E.C.A. Mission starts building another much-needed hard-surface road, some chauvinist section of the community can be heard muttering that "the Americans are only trying to foist off some of their second-rate cement on



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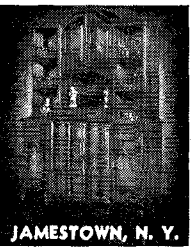

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us." Americans who advise the Greeks to preserve some of their food supplies against spoilage in hot weather are told that canned food is bad for the health. Voices—and not necessarily Communist-influenced voices—have been raised to the effect that the Americans are in Greece only for their own selfish ends. In fact, the United States has been blamed for most of the country's economic and political ills, although it is not hard to guess what would have become of Greece without Marshall Plan help.

Many Greeks complain, perhaps with more justification, that Marshall Plan help doesn't always flow down to the people. Some of the E.C.A. projects *are* puzzling. Why was a race track reconstructed in Athens, where hospitals and schools are so urgently needed? The official, and possibly lame, explanation is that profits from the track will be used to finance educational projects that would otherwise be impossible because the government finds it so difficult to levy and collect taxes. As in most Balkan countries, the burden of taxation falls on the poor. Hidden taxes absorb a quarter of the meagre earnings of the small clerk or shopkeeper. The rich get away with murder. One magnate, who owns three large apartment houses and a big industrial enterprise, told me proudly that he has never paid more than ten per cent of his income in taxes. Cheating on taxes is considered smart. The government introduced higher taxation on big earnings only after the Americans made it unmistakably clear that in these days of high defense budgets the rich must contribute more. Even the newspapers that ordinarily support the American "reform plans" were shocked at an American demand that all Greek stockholdings be registered in the names of the owners. Previously, wealthy Greeks had put their money into corporation shares made out merely to the bearer. A new law forced the corporations to call in these shares and issue new ones in the owners' names, opening the way to individual assessment and to gift and inheritance taxes. There is almost no social awareness among the Greek minority that runs the country. An American woman in Athens who tried to get small donations from rich Greek women to buy children's books for poverty-stricken orphans was turned down at every door.

When the E.C.A. started operating in Greece, road-building equipment often disappeared, to turn up in the home districts of powerful politicians. Water pipes earmarked for one village would be sidetracked to another, whose mayor had good connections in Athens. Old hands here claim that this sort of thing is rare now, but obviously there is still some corruption. On the day I arrived, the *News Review*, a mimeographed release issued by the United States Embassy, reported, "Public Works Minister Zervas asked [Prime Minister] Venizelos to request of the American Embassy that investigations concerning . . . road-construction misappropriations be speeded up and public works resumed." On the same page, farther down, I read, "Investigations have been ordered in the Piraeus Port Authority, where new misappropriations are reported."

Athens' political arena is a free-for-all, and it's not easy for a foreigner to evaluate the local situation. It is said that America has occasionally backed the wrong horse here, as elsewhere, but even a well-informed American isn't always able to pick the right one. There are believed to be around eighty political parties in Greece, of which nine principal ones are represented in Parliament. The parties are generally referred to by the names of their leaders, and not by their political drift. The Liberal Party is known as the Venizelos Party; the National Progressive Union of the Center is known as the Plastiras Party. Politics in Greece is a matter of personality and charm rather than ability and integrity. It also seems to be a matter of age; in order to become a power in Greek politics, apparently, a man must have white hair or none at all. Of the leading politicians, Plastiras was born in 1885, Tsouderos in 1882, Tsaldaris in 1885, and Papandreou in 1888. Almost all the party chiefs are graduates of Athens University and ex-lawyers, and they play the old musical-chairs game

on the Ministerial benches. In the past two years, Greece has had eleven governments.

The Greeks have little use for doctrines, but they are fond of dialectics. At Greek parties, the guests carry on interminable arguments. "We rarely say anything nice about other people," one Greek remarked to me at a dinner party. "We like to attack people. All of us criticize. It must be the heritage of Demosthenes." Not only the upper-class Greeks but the peasants and the poorer people in the cities are deeply conscious of the three-thousand-year Hellenic past. A peasant told me that he had named his two sons Demosthenes and Archimedes. He hoped that Demosthenes, aged four, would go into politics when he grew up, and that Archimedes would become a mathematician. "They owe it to their names and to their country," he said. The Greeks are optimists—they have to be to survive—and, like all optimists, they tend to be vague and unconcerned about bothersome details. How many of the inhabitants are illiterate? No one knows exactly; possibly thirty per cent of the population. What proportion of the national budget is devoted to defense? No one can tell you. A Government Minister talked to me with great enthusiasm about Greek industry's contribution to the nation's defense, but it turned out that uniforms and shoes are practically the only military equipment produced in the country. A middle-class Greek's conception of success in life is to go to America, return with a few thousand dollars, buy a house and a piece of land or a small shop, and die in the country of his ancestors. A Greek who has saved ten million drachmas—six hundred and sixty dollars—thinks he is a rich man. The really rich people send their children to France to be educated; French is the country's second language. All Greeks, rich and poor, make a cult of hospitality. Like as not, they will use up a whole week's supply of food to entertain a casual visitor.

THERE are more than fifteen hundred Americans in Athens, working for the E.C.A. Mission (the biggest in Europe), the Army, the Embassy, or private business firms. They and their dependents enjoy living in Athens, even though food is scarce, the climate hot, and the water supply capricious. Business hours are from eight to two, six days a week, and from five to seven two afternoons a week. In the early afternoon, everybody takes a siesta. During that time, telephone exchanges are tied up by subscribers who dial the

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first digit of a number and leave the receiver off the hook; in some districts, automobilists who blow their horns in siesta hours may be fined forty thousand drachmas. The Americans are very popular with most Greeks who are not distracted by chauvinism. The British are not so well liked. Britain's intervention in the civil war is remembered with resentment, and there is widespread bitterness at the British refusal to turn over to Greece the Greek-populated island of Cyprus.

Greece reaffirmed her belief in constitutional monarchy in the plebiscite of September 1, 1946, when the people voted to reinstate King George II following the regency of Archbishop Damaskinos. George II died in April, 1947, and was succeeded by his brother, King Paul I, who is highly thought of in Athens, moves around in public freely, and enjoys racing his fast blue cabriolet between his summer palace and his city residence, followed by a few officers of his guard. His wife, Queen Frederika, who is the daughter of the German Duke of Brunswick, has done more for the welfare of Greece's destitute children and for other charities than any Greek-born woman. She supervises the King's Fund, which has set up a church-and-school program to care for refugees from the devastated areas of northern Greece, and the Queen's Fund, which has founded youth centers, children's colonies, and soup kitchens, and which is trying to raise the standard of living in the north. A collateral E.C.A. project is to relocate remote villages that were practically destroyed in the war; they are being rebuilt nearer main roads and railroad lines.

Everybody in Greece was pleased when General Eisenhower said he would like to see the country included in the Western world's collective-defense organization. There is a universal pride in the showing of the Greek soldiers in Korea. Casualties have been heavy, but no one has complained. Being quite sensitive to matters of military strategy, the Greeks realize the dangers of their country's exposed position in the event of a Russian or Cominform attack on neighboring Yugoslavia. They have no love for Tito, who helped the Greek Communists during the civil war, but they understand the necessity of making friends with the Yugoslavs. The rapprochement between the former enemies is one of the more cheerful aspects of Balkan power politics. Yugoslav and Greek border guards don't drink wine together yet, but at least they have stopped shooting at one another. Minis-

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ters have already been exchanged, military attachés soon will be, and rail traffic has been reëstablished. For the first time in twelve years, one can take the Simplon-Orient Express direct from Athens to Paris. A good second-class road leads from Athens through northern Greece to the Yugoslav border.

The Greek Army, including reserves, is up to a hundred and fifty thousand men now, and American and British military advisers are enthusiastic about the high quality and excellent morale of the Greek officers and men, whose ancestors have distinguished themselves so often in the twenty-five centuries since the Battle of Thermopylae. Every young Greek wants to join the Army, where he gets a uniform, better food than he is likely to get at home, and a chance to fight, which means a lot to a Greek. Until the end of last May, the Army was under the command of Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, a sixty-eight-year-old former inmate of several German concentration camps and a great hero to his countrymen. Papagos took over in 1949 and achieved a major miracle in getting politics out of the Army. He was a tough disciplinarian, who once court-martialled his best friend. Within a few months of his accession to office, he fired three lieutenant generals, fifteen major generals, thirty-three brigadiers, and fifty-six colonels because of their political shenanigans or because of their incompetence. The average age of the officer corps has gone down. Papagos resigned after King Paul appointed to his entourage some officers that Papagos found unacceptable.

The Army has both American and British equipment. At a recent parade, it trotted out fifty tanks, which, according to an American officer, "were handled well even by our standards." The British military advisers here run the staff schools; the American military advisers run the infantry, artillery, and tank schools. Our military men have quickly learned the difficult art of getting their "advice" across without hurting the Greeks' pride. This accomplishment benefits both sides. The Greeks are receiving some good advice and we are developing some able military diplomats. The war the Greeks would most like to fight, I have gathered, is one against the Bulgarians, who have attacked Greece three times within living memory. To call a Greek a Bulgar is an inexcusable offense. The Greeks take a mildly condescending view of the Italians, whom they might well have thrown into the sea if Hitler hadn't

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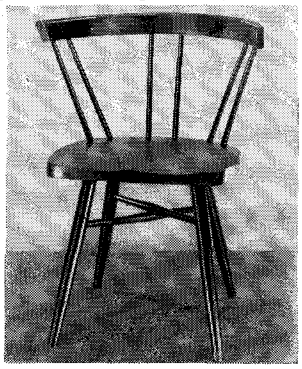

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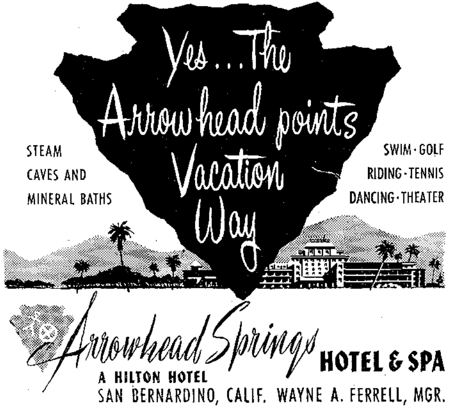
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come to Mussolini's rescue. There was considerable surprise a few weeks ago when an Italian soccer team played an Athens team and scored a tie. "Imagine!" an astonished fan said to me. "The Italians almost won!"

Tolerance, an old Hellenic virtue, is still widely practiced here. After the civil war, there were a few vendettas in the northern villages that had suffered terribly during the fighting, but, by and large, the era of revenge is over. Almost all Communist guerrillas who surrendered their weapons at the cessation of hostilities in 1949 were pardoned. Quite a few of them now sit peacefully on the café terraces of Athens, possibly sharing a table, now and then, with somebody they were trying hard to kill only a couple of years ago. There isn't even any widespread hatred of the Germans. "We Greeks can never hate very long," a Greek friend told me. "Hatred has no place among civilized men, and when it comes to civilization, what nation can match ours?"

My friend accompanied me up to the Acropolis one afternoon not long ago. I had complained to him that the Athens of today seems a far different place from the golden city every schoolboy has read about. Perhaps, I said, one should come to Athens in one's teens, when the past looks more important than the present, or not come at all. Not many Greeks appear to grasp the classical language of Sophocles and Euripides, I went on. The great dramas are rarely performed. There is little cultural life in Athens—few theatres and almost no good music. It is distressing to see the architectural gap that separates the great monuments of Greece's classical period and the fine Byzantine churches and monasteries from the ugly products of a neoclassicism that is neither new nor classic.

My friend listened to me in silence and then led me up the steep flight of steps to the Propylaea. Down in the city, it had been hot and dusty, but on the rocky hill the wind was cool, and the sky seemed nearer and of a deeper blue than I'd ever seen it before. The shadows cast by the Propylaea's Doric columns were pitch-black, and the sun-drenched Pentelic marble of the old temples was so bright that it almost blinded me. A class of school children came up, and stopped in front of the Parthenon to hear a lecture by their teacher. He seemed excited as he talked, and so did the kids, listening to him. I asked my friend what the teacher was saying. "He's telling them about their great ancestors Phidias

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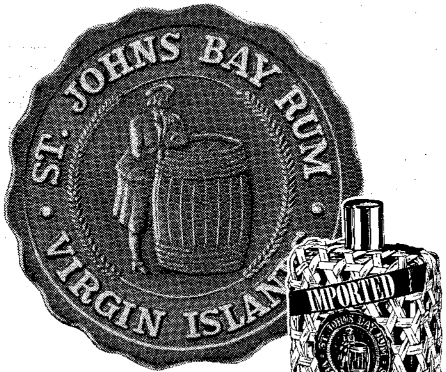

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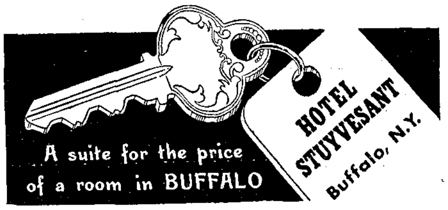
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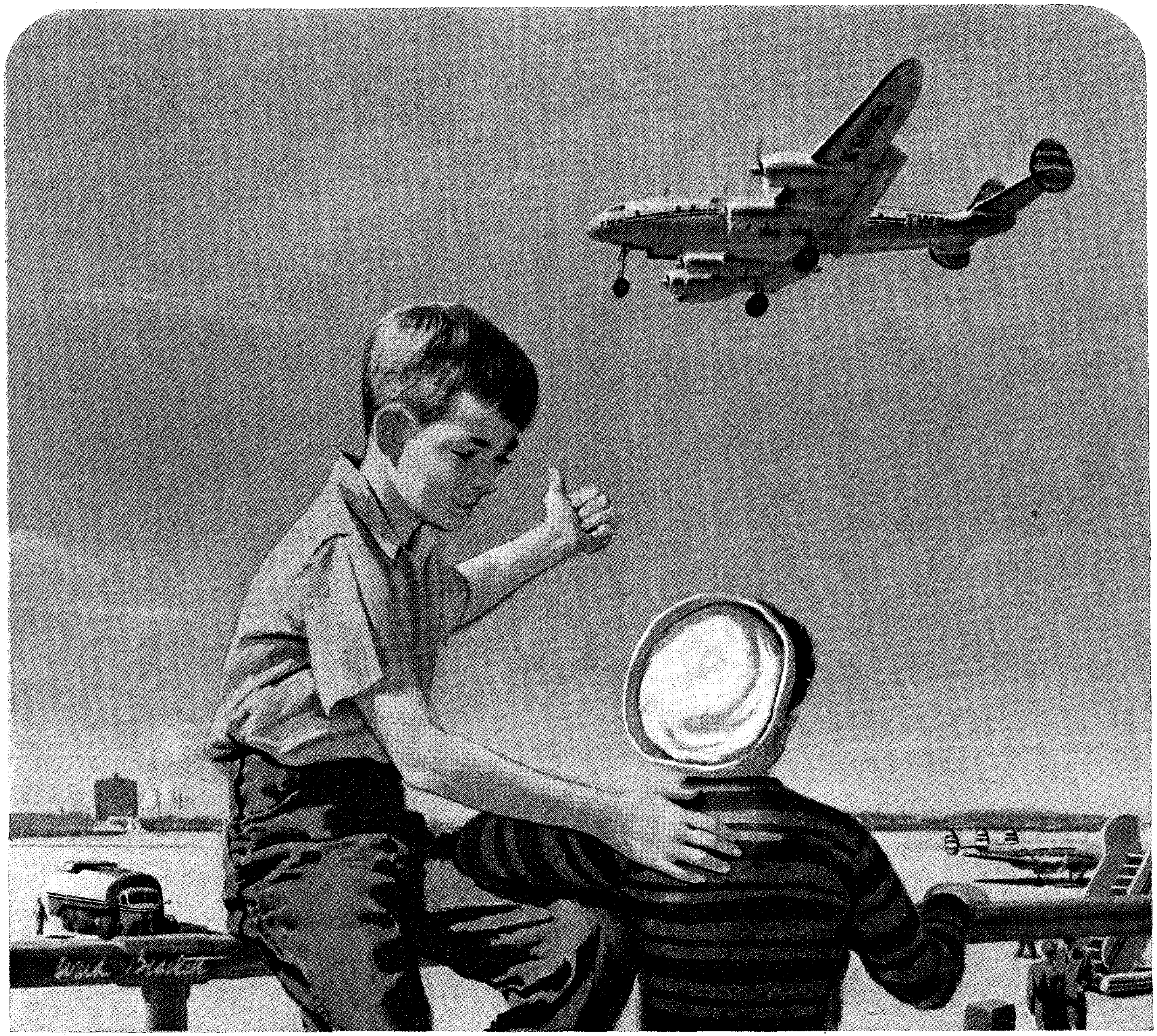

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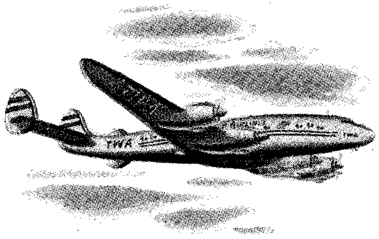

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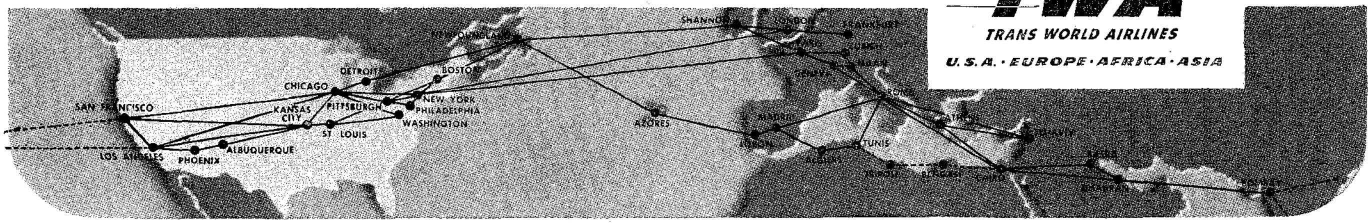
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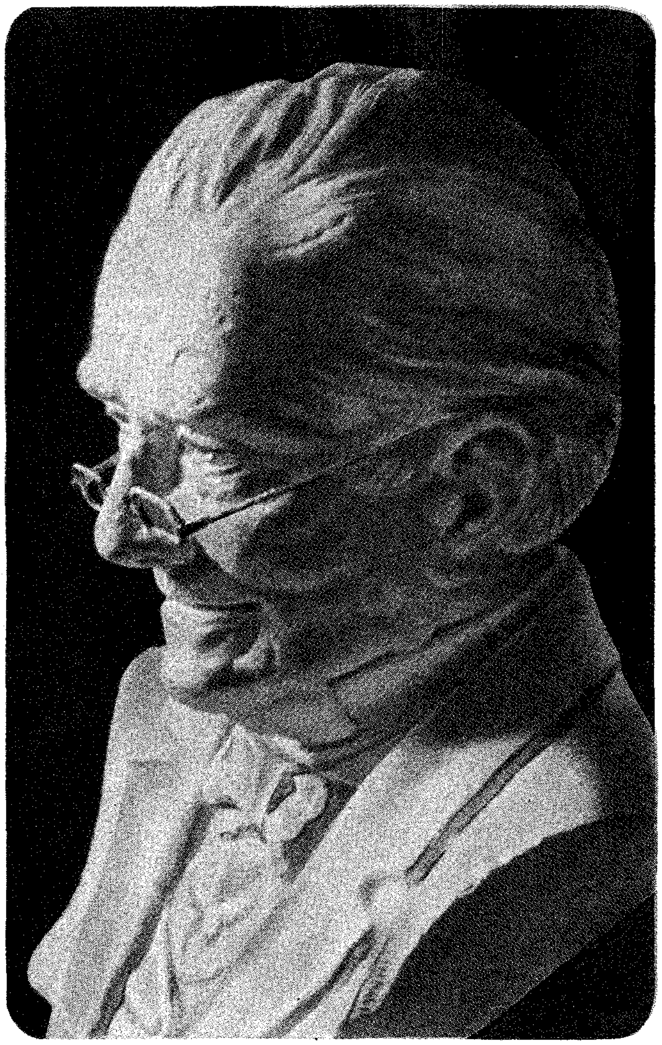

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

and Pericles," he said, smiling. "And that's my answer to what you were talking about a little while ago. It's true that Athens today is disillusioning. But as long as our children are thrilled by our history, everything will be all right with Greece." For a moment, standing there in the sun, surrounded by so much ancient beauty, and hearing the happy murmurs of the children, I felt just as he did. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

The how to catch a husband specialists have, I think, overlooked a rather simple, elemental device: Outdoor activity.

As a student of the subject of baiting and setting man traps, I find this whole subject has been ignored.

For instance, had you ever thought of starting to restain or otherwise treat the roof of your house? All you have to do is set up an extension ladder in the front, set some pots and brushes around. Before you set foot to ladder there will be at least six neighborhood males strolling across your lawn. They give advice, discuss, and obviously wait for a request for help.

There are few things more attractive to a man—of any age—than a chance to climb around a roof for a few hours. If you start to assemble pieces of a television antenna near a ladder, the audience in a few minutes runs around a baker's dozen.

Another sure fire attraction is a piece of broken machinery. I can run my power mower around the lawn for hours, drawing nothing more enthusiastic than friendly waves from passersby. But let the mower suddenly quit, male neighbors from blocks around start out for my house. Some of them carry their own wrenches, screwdrivers and oil cans.

Cement mixing is another good gimmick and apt to be slightly less expensive than machinery breaking or roof climbing. The attraction of men to cement defies all reason, but they flock to such a scene like hummingbirds to beebalm.

This system of attracting males, however, is unpredictable and hard to figure in advance. For instance, they'll come a-running if you plan to remove a tree with a block and tackle. But if you set to work with saw or ax, the eye of a male passerby is as hard to catch as a waiter's. You can draw a crowd with a non functioning car with a leaking radiator or dirty points, but you can work in blessed solitude over a flat tire that needs changing.—*Cynthia Lowry in the Modesto (Calif.) Bee.*

May you have dozens of them!

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Frank Farrell in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

Vice Adm. Daniel E. Barbey, fabled chief of Pacific amphibious operations in W. W. II, retired last month to become Director of Civil Defense for Washington. Amusingly advised friends via postcards from Olympia sketched with a ship's wake of hats he has worn since Oregon farmboy birth.

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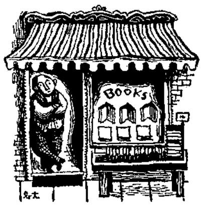
BOOKS

The Last Patrician

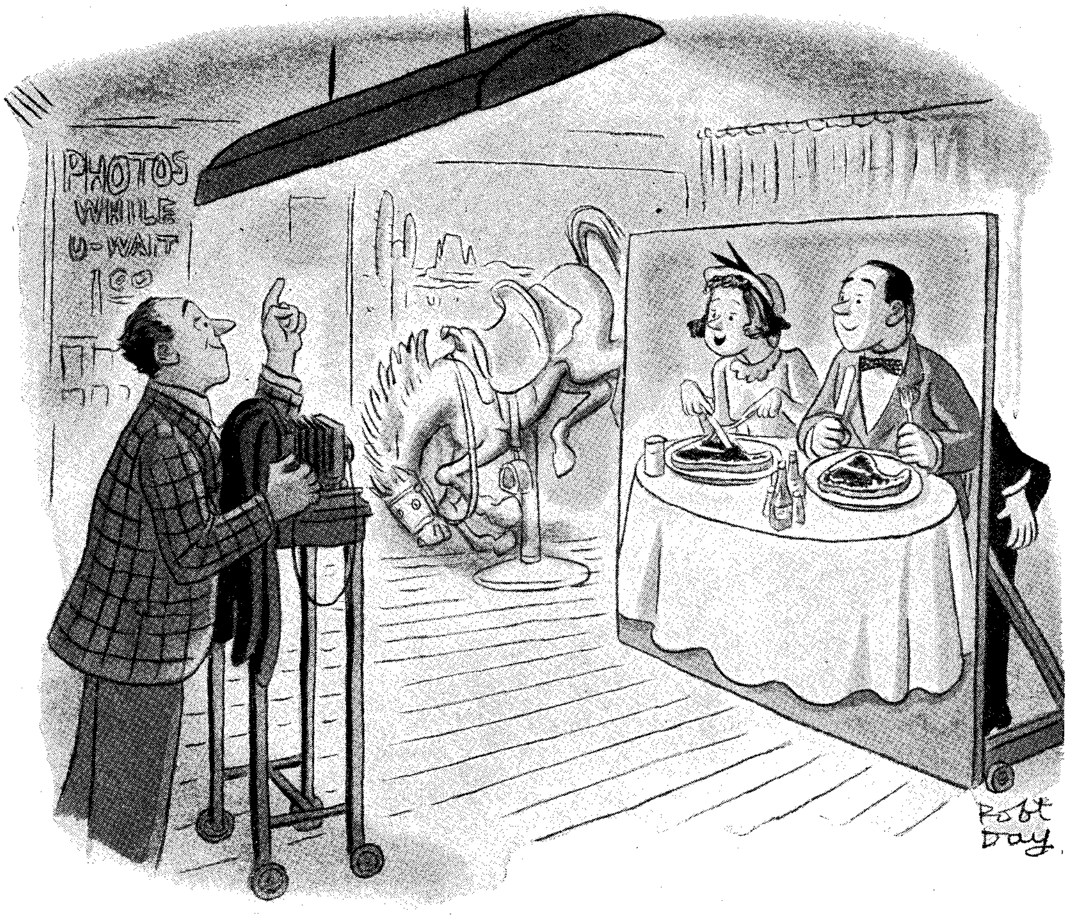


SANTAYANA has lived long enough and written long enough to have become a myth and a precocious image of his own posthumous fame. Even those who have never read his works know his name, the very syllables of which have come melodiously to connote a spirit at once exquisite and ironic, discerning and detached. He is the poet-philosopher who writes in aphorisms; he is the meditative spirit who has for years lived in monkish solitude in Rome. Over half a century ago, he published a book called "The Sense of Beauty," and now, at the age of eighty-eight, he publishes a volume written, he tells us, during the last thirty years, called "Dominations and Powers" (Scribner). It is clearly offered as a major work and, one presumes, in a sense a final one, for a third volume of memoirs is to appear only posthumously. Between the youthful work in aesthetics and this treatise on politics by an aged philosopher, there have been many books, including two series of philosophical works—"The Life of Reason" and "Realms of Being." The first is a review of the successes and failures of man's attempt at reason in society, in science, in religion, and in art. In the latter enterprise, Santayana distinguishes matter, the source and matrix of spirit, and spirit itself, that flame of awareness that plays over the infinite "realm of essence"—the varied possibilities open to feeling, thought, and imagination. There has also been a novel, "The Last Puritan," whose hero decides on Puritan grounds not to be a Puritan any more, and two volumes of memoirs, of Spain remembered from childhood, Boston from adolescence, and Harvard from youth and middle years, all marked by brilliant, sometimes feline grace.

Santayana's style has enchanted everyone, or nearly everyone, who has read him, not least, as he himself has written, the "ladies" and "men of the world." For his prose has a marble precision and a dreaming suggestiveness. He is at once an ironist and a poet, a shrewd debater and a dramatic soliloquist. The technical philosophers have sometimes resented a man who never condescends to the vulgarity of a jargon or the bluntness of a dogma. Literary readers have frequently been put off by a prose too Roman and too elegant. Even those (and they are many) who have found in Santayana insight and wisdom have wished at times that they could make up their minds (or that he would make up his) whether he is a materialist, as he alleges, or a Platonist, as he often seems to be. Many, too, have wondered where a man stood who could say that religion was "literally false" and "poetically true," and what, metaphors aside, this enigmatic aphorist thought about the great human issues of society, politics, and morals, particularly at this crisis in the affairs of mankind.

On this last question, "Dominations and Powers," Santayana's long-awaited "reflections on liberty, society, and government," offers the illumination, at once bright and vague, that one has come to expect from him. The book is, at least in its table of contents, a systematic work, and it runs to nearly five hundred closely printed pages. It consists of a succession of essays, most of which could as well be read separately and some of which say in essence what is said with variations or repetitions in a dozen other chapters. Many of these musings are jewels of soliloquy and fine-cut gems of analysis. They give the meditative fruits of a spirit, solitary, dreaming, cultivated; of a mind thoroughly at home in the long culture of the past, particularly that of Greece and Rome; of a temperament to which, in comparison with the classical past, the whole of the modern world seems a sad degeneration.

There is certainly no book on political philosophy remotely like this in its lordly and patrician detachment, in its setting of politics in the grand context of matter and spirit, in its relating of government to the great forces in nature and to the delicate intimacies of spirit. It is a book on what may be called metapolitics; actualities serve only as incidental illustration. About strictly contemporary problems, Santayana makes some shrewd guesses, some fantastically inaccurate ones, and he says much that is innocent, irrelevant, or uninformed. Thus, sev-



eral chapters on America are written from remembered knowledge of this country (mostly of Harvard, at that), which Santayana knew at first hand over forty years ago. (Nor is there any evidence that he has informed himself much since.) For all its serene air of being above the battle, this is not a book without prejudices. The generous clichés of the liberal will find little sustenance here, and there is a steady distrust of democracy, in which, Santayana seems to feel, everyone gets what he wants but in which no one knows what he wants or what is good for him. There is a worship of strength: "I prefer the lion to the vermin in the lion's skin;" he "would gladly extirpate all the crawling ugliness in the world." The common people perhaps included?

But despite these limitations of fact and feeling, the book has towering impressiveness. It takes government seriously and politics philosophically. Its subject is the play of natural powers—the activities expressive of native interests and needs—and of dominations, alien and intrusive powers, that impose upon or interfere with a given person or society. Santayana is realistic as Thomas Hobbes was realistic. To understand politics, one must understand the powers and interests at work and the conflicts of powers and interests. Life is always a war and only "moral zeros can live in peace." "Neither historical investigation, therefore, nor political precepts are to be looked for in this book," writes Santayana. "All that it professes to contain is glimpses of tragedy and comedy played unawares by governments; and a continual intuitive reduction of political maxims and institutions to the intimate spiritual fruits that they are capable of bearing. . . . Everything gently impels us to view human affairs scientifically, realistically, biologically, as events that arise, with all their spiritual overtones, in the realm of matter. . . . Seen under the form of eternity, all ages are equally past and equally future; and it is impossible to take quite seriously the tastes and ambitions of our contemporaries."

It is in this atmosphere of disenchantment, of cold sympathy, of a resigned realization of the forces deeper-lying than the slogans of propaganda or of narrowly political analysis that this book must be read. Santayana regards human activities as a scientist might observe the doings in a society of subhuman animals. He reminds us that politics is rooted in such basic matters as physical and geographical conditions, in the physiology and the habits of men. The rhet-

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oric of imperialist statesmen is often simply the language of "sentimental bandits" obliquely expressing ruthless interests. Even true eloquence unknowingly expresses powers and energies quite different from the conscious or alleged aspirations of either politicians or the people they "represent."

Before the end of this long book, it is made clear that Santayana thinks that society should be governed not by politicians in the ordinary sense but by scientists who understand the forces of nature and life. The members of this rational government would be those versed in the science and art of government rather than prophets, reformers, and agitators. They would be persons able to discern the possibility or impossibility of human ambitions. "Such persons might have to be, like the Roman ruling class, all soldiers; but besides the requisite military capacity they should be experts in economics." All events, including political ones, says Santayana, arise according to and out of matter, which is the Generative Order of Society. Secondly, there is the Militant Order, "the love of reforming the world from the total mutation that the world is always undergoing." Political parties, propagandas, moral campaigns are its examples and instruments no less than war. And there is a Rational Order of Society, which is "the art of satisfying our compatible impulses in the midst of our inevitable circumstances." Who would be able thus to govern society so that our powers, our "vital liberties," should come to fruition? Who would know what was liberating, what was oppressive, or, in terms of one chapter title, "Through Whom Might Wisdom Rule the World"? "I picture to myself, almost in the clouds," writes Santayana in his "Conclusion," "a many-pavilioned International Institute of Rational Economy, faultless in architecture and appointments, like an Oxford set upon the Rock of Gibraltar. All strength and all learning to keep the world in the right path."

This rational government would be autocratic but not totalitarian—a nice distinction, if one can make it stick. It would speak in the voice of Nature. But how would one be sure? Santayana often identifies traditions or conventions with the eternal lineaments of things. He has a tendency to speak of certain facts of the political status quo as if they were the ineradicable principles of Nature itself. He betrays, in addition, more than a little of the aesthete's admiration for the beauty of even brutal strength. Thus: "Perhaps the Soviets might be better fitted than any other power to become the guardians of universal peace. In the first place, they are a real power, with an autonomous army, navy, and air force. . . . This is the first prerequisite to accomplish anything." (Yet elsewhere he speaks of Communism as a "ferociously egotistical conspiracy.") The United States, too, might be a leader; the American people are "good," "their self-interest coincides with that of all other nations." But Santayana has his doubts; an American hegemony could simply "revitalize the commercial optimism of the nineteenth century," and Americans are "preachers and reformers" who might wish to impose upon the world—along with our gadgets—our way of life, a religion of commerce and of technique; we could become latter-day conquering Mohammedans. Ours is a mode of living Santayana has long considered lost in means and without humane ends clearly envisaged, even if, or perhaps because, we are "good" and naïve people.

If Santayana is a bit hard on America and on the modern world in general, he is particularly severe on liberalism, which seems to him to have notions of an empty liberty. He is not too sure about the imminence of a rational society, either, and at times he writes as if he would not altogether like it himself. Those scientific scholars perched in their citadel, their Oxford on Gibraltar, might, he suggests, wish to descend and let out the wild animals and the passions long imprisoned on the slopes below.

Santayana candidly declares in his introduction, "I have my likes and dislikes, of which I am not ashamed. I neither renounce them nor impose them. . . . My endeavor is not to allow this inevitable bias of temperament or of position to distort my view of the facts." The endeavor is not always successful, as his remote-control account of minorities in America shows. He is certainly free from fanaticism, but he is not free from confusing some Tory prejudices with natural laws. War becomes, in his discussion of it, as inescapable as death. Though he is critical of American morality for making means justify pointless ends, he can-

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not resist almost revering power, armies, physical mastery. If pomp does not impress him, strength does. He achieves a bland detachment even at the prospect of the extinction of our civilization: "The evening of one civilization is the morning of another."

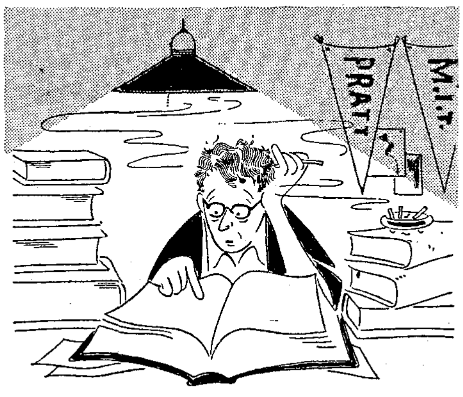
Yet, for all that, he does have the imaginative gifts of a poet. What other recluse could have written so movingly as he does in this book on the servitude of parents to their children:

> Parents necessarily exercise authority over their young children... becoming in this way veritable tyrants. But tyrants are seldom free; the cares and the instruments of their tyranny enslave them. The child that cries is your master; and he is your master again when he smiles.... Nature kindly warps our judgment about our children, especially when they are young, when it would be a fatal thing for them if we did not love them. This fond blindness is itself a slavery; a hard slavery, when you think of it, to feel a compulsory and sleepless affection for a perfectly average creature... and afterwards to be disgraced by his disgrace, wounded by his indifference, and half killed by his death, if you survive him.

This is the special and wonderful merit of this book, at its best the flowering of a wise and poetic mind examining the whole spectacle of human affairs. Santayana has a subtly dramatic sense of the varied ways of life, including wild ones that no Rational Society, even in the interest of "vital liberty," would permit. His spacious imagination makes him sympathetic to many ways of government and society. It is not surprising that a sense of the past and a patrician taste should predispose him toward a hierarchic civilization. It is not surprising, either, that a philosopher alert to the compelling ways of matter should remind us that power is primary in fact. But one recalls that in an essay called "Ultimate Religion" Santayana criticized even Spinoza for worshipping power; he reminded us that ultimate religion is addressed to the ideal.

There are times in this Olympian meditation when Santayana seems to celebrate the "going concern," the Juggernaut government. He pours scorn on the confusions of democracy, but among the "tragedies and comedies" of government that he fails to note with so much as sadness—that he fails, indeed, to mention at all—are the totalitarian regimes of the Right, which make liberalism and democracy, with all their confusions, seem far less egregious disasters. Are these dominations roses that are best left to bloom in their native garden; should their flowering and

He Doesn't KNOW



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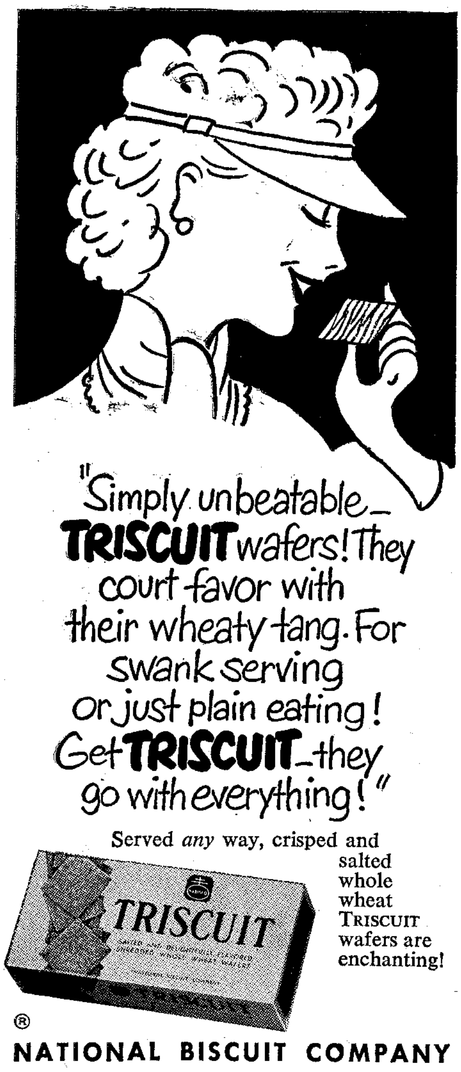
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their decay call for no judgment in the light of reason? Is power the last word in politics, in morals, in philosophy?

—IRWIN EDMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TI-COYO AND HIS SHARK, by Clément Richer (Knopf). Manidou, the principal character in this diverting story, is a baby shark, rescued from the net of a Caribbean fisherman by a young boy named Ti-Coyo, who makes a meagre living diving for coins in a harbor. Manidou eventually grows to weigh six tons but remains Ti-Coyo's pet, obliging him by eating all the other coin divers in the harbor and giving him a monopoly, so that he grows quite rich. Manidou and his master are a fine, villainous pair, and their story is genuinely individual and artful.

HORNS FOR THE DEVIL, by Louis Malley (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Mr. Malley, a very assured, colloquial writer, tells an exciting tale of gangsterism in New York's Italian section. He is mainly interested in describing the intricate system of crime, punishment, and daily etiquette that rules a powerful body known simply as the Organization, whose workings become apparent as we observe the one false step and immediate downfall of a good-looking young gambler named Severio Lebbrosa.

O, THE BRAVE MUSIC, by Dorothy Evelyn Smith (Dutton). Ruan Ashley, who recounts this foolish, meandering story, is the second and less beautiful daughter of a romantic marriage between an impoverished parson and a high-spirited aristocrat. Since the aristocrat was cut off by her father when she married, there is little to be gained from her side of the family except prestige. Anyway, at the time the story opens she has fallen out of love with her parson and is planning to elope with a handsome riding master. For this folly, she is promptly chastised by being thrown from a horse and breaking her neck. In great, though pious, relief, the parson takes off for foreign missions, and the children are returned to their mother's ancestral home for growing up, which fills the rest of the book. The Literary Guild selection for September.

CALL FOR A MIRACLE, by Benedict Kiely (Dutton). The city of Dublin shows up very sadly in this lachrymose story about some Irish waifs, strays, and saviors. The waifs include a dreary rich girl who takes out her grudge against men by stealing and blackmailing on a small scale, an honest country girl whose fate is obviously going to be as rosy as her face, a crippled young fellow with a demon mother, and some bar hangers-on. There is also a commentator, a philosophical newspaperman. It would be hard to imagine a more forced series of situations, a more self-absorbed and humorless group, or a less inviting city than Mr. Kiely has occupied himself with in this complaining, puritanical, overwritten novel.

NOTE: "Many Are Called," a collection of forty-two short stories by Edward Newhouse, has been published by Sloane. Almost all the pieces first appeared in this magazine, and some have been printed in previous collections of Mr. Newhouse's work.

GENERAL

RAYMOND OF THE TIMES, by Francis Brown (Norton). A biography of Henry Jarvis Raymond, one of the founders of the New York *Times*, and its first editor. Like his great journalistic rival Horace Greeley, Raymond was active and personally ambitious in politics. He helped organize the Republican Party and became a friend and champion of Abraham Lincoln during Lincoln's first term, although he had gone to the Chicago convention of 1860 as a staunch Seward man. In 1864, he managed Lincoln's successful campaign and won a seat in Congress for himself, but since he was a moderate and, after the assassination, a supporter of Andrew Johnson's liberal policy toward the defeated South, he had an unhappy time of it there. As editor, Raymond was largely responsible for the early progress of the *Times* (established in 1851), and set the tone that is still characteristic of the paper. He stated in its prospectus that "the *Times* will seek to be conservative in such a way as shall best promote needful reform," and had earlier ordained that "nothing immoral should get into *any part* of the paper." Mr. Brown, a *Times* man himself, has given his subject the full-dress treatment without being stuffy about it. Photographs and drawings.

STAND AND DELIVER, by Patrick Pringle (Norton). A comprehensive study of the habits, personalities, and techniques of the English highwaymen and of the handful of women of their era who were intrepid, or impecunious, enough to take their places in the ranks of what Macaulay termed the aristocracy of the criminal classes. The practice of relieving travelling gentry of their valuables, usually in a relatively courtly manner, started in the fourteenth century, thanks to the invention of firearms and the increase of traffic on the English roads. Various theories have been advanced to account for its decline, around 1800, but the most diverting of these is undoubtedly the author's own: Highwaymen went out of business, he feels, because they were too slow to move with the times, and thus deprived England of the dubious distinction of becoming the birthplace of the train robber. Since the *modus operandi* of the average highwayman was unquestionably cut and dried, Mr. Pringle's careful history after a while becomes a little repetitious. It's nicely presented, however, and there are some first-rate chapters on the less widely publicized aspects of these gentlemen's lives—the roads they operated on, the prisons they languished in, the chaplains who prayed over them, and the thieftakers, or detectives, who contributed to their ultimate doom. Illustrated.

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN EDINBURGH, by Chiang Yee (John Day). Mr. Chiang has now applied his unique and very agreeable method of setting down his impressions of the places he's visited—a blend of reminiscence, poetry, water color, and line drawing—to commemorating a ramble taken in August, 1943, around Edinburgh and its environs. The result makes a very satisfactory book, since the author, a former Chinese civil servant, found so many resemblances between the Scottish people and his own that he tackled the job of exploring and recording the city with extra enthusiasm. Although his comments are occasionally on the discursive side, they're also shrewd and amusing; the Chinese mind and the Scottish one certainly seem to work in much the same way as far as humor is concerned. This basic compatibility is also reflected in the many illustrations, done in a Chinese medium that, Mr. Chiang reports, his detractors have called "hybrid" but that is admirably suited to his subject matter.

NORTH ATLANTIC, by Adlard Coles (Norton). An exciting account of the 1950 Transatlantic Race, from Hamilton, Bermuda, to Plymouth, England, written by the captain of

"Seven Years I Have Not Slept In A Bed..."

To Georgia, sleeping on the damp, cold earth is but one memory of a childhood that has known only grim despair. Her heritage of horror and stark tragedy began in 1943, when her father perished, along with all the males over 15 in her Greek village. All were burned, hanged or shot by raiding Germans. Their home destroyed by fire, Georgia and her mother moved into what was formerly a stable. Somehow they survived. The earthen floor of the hovel was their bed.

But suddenly, a miracle has come into Georgia's life—she has learned that words like love, kindness, tender care, have meaning for her too! Gratefully she writes to her American Foster Parent, "My mother and I were very moved by your wonderful gifts, 1 bed, 1 mattress, 1 quilt and 2 sheets. It is seven years now that I have not slept in a bed. Suddenly I'm the richest person in the world. I pray to God to keep you well and happy. With much love and fond kisses."

This ten year old is but one of thousands needing help. Many have been maimed and disfigured by war. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes and prosthetic limbs.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a foster parent, or by contributing funds for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, glass eyes. You will receive a case history and photograph of your child, who is told clearly how he is being helped and that you are his foster parent. Children thus feel that they have a friend, rather than someone who is just giving them charity. Correspondence through our office is encouraged so that you can ask the child questions about his health and welfare that you would want to know if these were truly your own children.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities—in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual, with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, he or she will live in a home-like atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you give it—TODAY?

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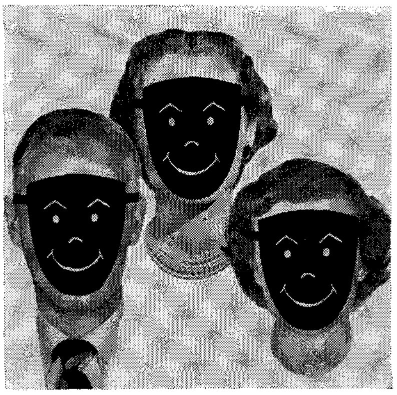

Just suppose everybody had the same face...

Imagine how difficult life would be if you couldn't tell friend from stranger by just a glance at a face!

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the thirty-two-foot English sloop Cohoe, which travelled 2,875 miles and won it, in a corrected time of fourteen days, seven hours, and twenty-one minutes. Cohoe and two other competing yachts were taken from England to Bermuda on the deck of a liner. From there, they sailed to Newport, Rhode Island, and raced back to Hamilton in the Bermuda Race, an event the author, a veteran English yachtsman, considered an excellent shakedown cruise for the Transatlantic, which was being held for the first time since 1936. Mr. Coles writes well and straight, and the book is illustrated with many maps, drawings, and photographs, some in color. It is a fine addition to the literature of ocean racing—a sport that someday, what with one thing and another, may become obsolete.

Frank Schoonmaker's Dictionary of Wines, edited by Tom Marvel (Hastings House). The modest appearance of this little volume should not give one the idea that it isn't an important work; actually, more sound, useful information is packed into its hundred and twenty pages than is to be found in many a pretentious oenological treatise. Mr. Schoonmaker has chosen the disarmingly simple "dictionary" device in order to steal up on the timid reader who doesn't want to go *too* deeply into the subject. The work is really less a dictionary than an encyclopedia, for it not only defines most of the wines of the entire world, describes the processes of production, gives vineyard history, explains labels, and clarifies wine laws but even bestows a nod of recognition on the great and good men (Homer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Johnson, Rabelais, and the rest) who are on record as thinking well of wine. Perhaps it is captious to wish that the author had not added an appendix, of the sort beloved by lady cookbook writers, that lists the wines and foods that "go together."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Sleeping Witness, by M. V. Heberden (Doubleday). This routine but fairly competent item has to do with a couple of murders and other sinister goings on in the television world, which, you may or may not be surprised to learn, is addicted to alcohol, adultery, marijuana, and violence to a degree that might seem excessive in any other group of artists. Rick Vanner, formerly of Naval Intelligence but now a kind of medium-boiled private eye, has some trouble extracting the truth from all these temperamental people, but in the end he manages to find out who dropped the casting director down the elevator shaft and brained the pretty actress with her own telephone. Not much as a mystery, but reasonably lively and informative as a guide to social behavior in the lower reaches of the entertainment business.

Fowl Play, by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday). After old Mrs. Santon dies, seemingly of a heart attack, it turns out that she has made a will leaving her fortune to her pet, a talking bird, rather than to her numerous cousins, a scatterbrained bunch, most of whom have the money as good as spent. Naturally, this document causes considerable bitterness, and after another member of the family finds ground glass in his cup custard, a maid is asphyxiated while curling her hair, and a child sees somebody throwing thirteen music boxes into a pond, it is clear that dirty work is afoot. Dr. Jeffrey McNeill and his wife, a pair of pretty coy sleuths, finally put all the pieces together, but it is a strain on their ingenuity, and their solution may tax the reader's credulity a little bit, too.

◆

David Selznick's party is still the talk of the town. Pat Medina won't forget it. Someone in a playful mood pushed her into the pool fully dressed. Joe Cotten went to her rescue, and was pushed in. He was wearing a new suit he had made for his trip to Europe. Then Charlie Feldman tried to help both of them, and he found himself at the bottom of the pool. Playful, wot? There must have been ghosts hovering about that pool. That's the same place where Doug Fairbanks Sr. pushed Maurice Chevalier in. The latter was furious. He's a frugal Frenchie and doesn't like to ruin a suit or a wrist watch. He never did see the humor of it.—*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times.*

Foreigners are impossible, really.

◆

SAYINGS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SAID BY MANHATTAN NATIVES

[*From the Milwaukee Sentinel*]

As John Lang and Ronnie Raasch and other members of the U. S. team strolled down Broadway Sunday in their flashy red, white and blue satin jackets, Manhattan natives would turn and say:

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